

COUNTRY LIFE

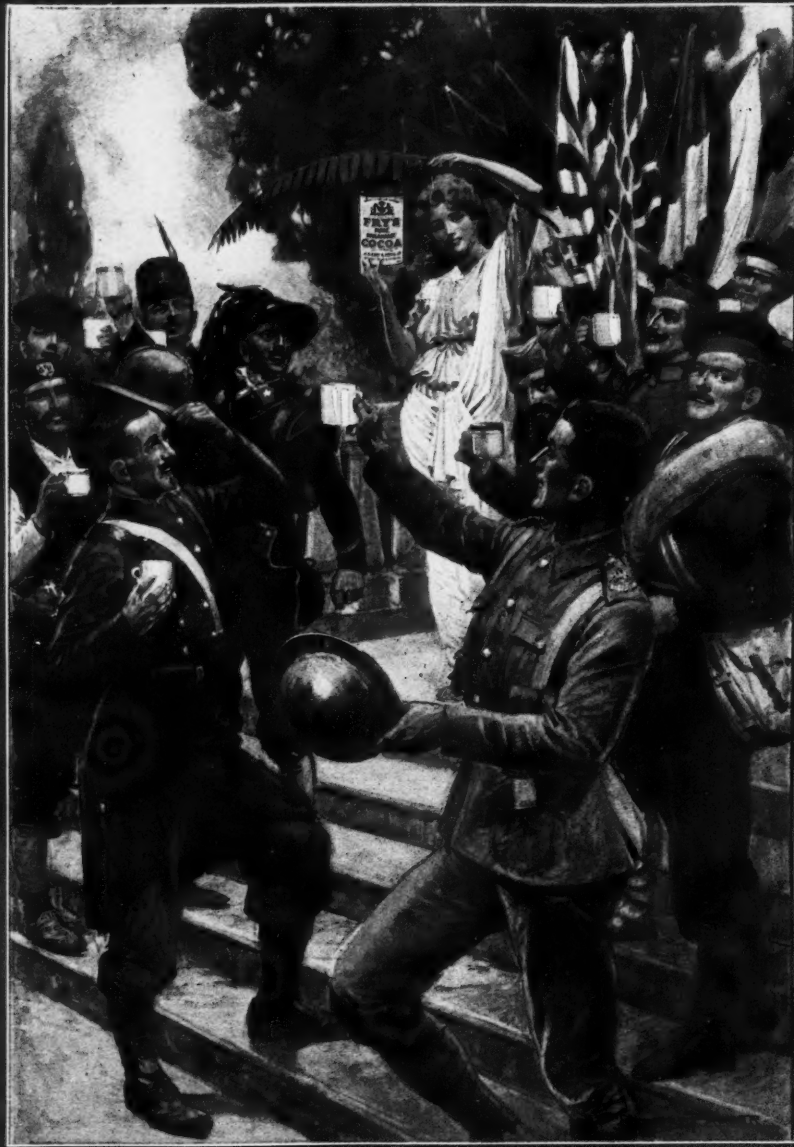
SPRING NUMBER March 31st 1917. 1/-

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS
MATTER AT THE NEW YORK
N.Y. POST OFFICE

AN APPRECIATION OF ITALY.



"OUR OTHER ALLY."



Fry's PURE
BREAKFAST
COCOA

NAVY & ARMY CONTRACTORS.

300 GRANDS PRIX. GOLD MEDALS. &c.



COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XLI.—No. 1056.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31st, 1917.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING, POSTAGE EXTRA.
REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



C. VANDYK.

GENERAL CADORNA.

41, Buckingham Palace Road, W.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Our Frontispiece: General Cadorna	289, 290
Still Another Agricultural Policy. (Leader)	290
Country Notes	291
Le Ciel est Clair, by Emile Cammaerts	291
Enlivening Food Production	293
Italy's Part in the Alliance	294
An Eagle's War, by Gino Calza Bedolo, London Correspondent of the "Giornale d'Italia." (Illustrated)	295
The Success of the Italian Fleet, by Archibald Hurd. (Illustrated)	299
The Pools-of-Peace, by Joan Campbell	303
Italian Art in Italia Irredenta. (Illustrated)	304
Italian Gardens, by Julia Cartwright. (Illustrated)	306
Peasant Life in Northern Italy. (Illustrated)	310
Pace d' Ulivi, by an Italian Exile	312
Italy's Aims in the War	313
The Italian Soldier: A Character Sketch, by Dr. James Murphy	314
The Prayer on the Bayonets, by Gabriele d'Annunzio	315
Italian Life and Literature During the War, by Antonio Ciprico	316
Italia Irredenta, by Ferruccio Bonavia	318
Splendid Youth, by Raymond Hill	319
Modern English Poetry and Italy, by R. Scarlett	320
Italian Folklore of the Eastern Shore of the Adriatic, by W. Hugh Burnett.	322
The Theatre in Italian Life	323
Italy of the Princes: The Certosa di Pavia, by Sir Martin Conway. (Illustrated)	326
The Foundation of Rome. (Illustrated)	334
Italian Literary Notes. (Illustrated)	335
Who is the Lady of Our Cover?	338
Correspondence	338
French State Stud Farms; Aeroplanes and Rooks in No Man's Land (Fl.-Lieutenant D. H. Bell; "The Fascinating Rook" (E. Emrys-Roberts); Prizes for Allotment Holders; The Obsolete Grand Jury (Arthur O Cooke; Settling a Bet (H. E. Salisbury); Daffodils in the Navy; Birds and Frost (M. Stevenson); The Ewe and the Dachshund; The Jealous Donkey (C. Matthews); Italian Working Women (J. Shaw); The Resuscitated Canal (W. McWilliam); An Abnormal Egg (G. E. J. Crallan); Scraps for Pigs; Digging the Frost In.	
Italian Furniture of the Renaissance, as represented at the Victoria and Albert Museum, by H. Arvey Tipping. (Illustrated)	3*
Lesser Country Houses of To-day: Hill End, Preston, Herts; by Lawrence Weaver. (Illustrated)	10*
The Opera House in the XVIII Century, by Arthur T. Bolton. (Illus- trated)	16*
The Poets of Unredeemed Italy, by Edmund G. Gardner	20*
War-time Cookery, by Frances Keyzer	22*
"Viva l'Italia!" by J. M. Dodington	24*
The Air Attacks on Venice, by Arthur F. Spender	26*
The Automobile World. (Illustrated)	28*
Italian Engineering, by Professor Luigi Luigi, D.S., M. Inst. C.E.	58*
Italian Artillery Development, by Arnold Louis Chevallier	60*

EDITORIAL NOTICE

The charge for Small Estate Announcements is 12s. per inch per insertion, the minimum space being half an inch, approximately 48 words, for which the charge is 6s. per insertion. All advertisements must be prepaid.

Still Another Agricultural Policy

A STORY has been told of a certain great astronomer who worked out to his own satisfaction through immense relays of figures the exact hour and place at which a comet was to appear. But the visitor was so inconsiderate as to disregard the calculations of the old scholar and appear at a very different time and in a very different place. The astronomer would not believe it, and when a fellow professor told him it was no good arguing because the comet was there, he still was incredulous. "Come and look through the telescope for yourself," said his friend. "I will not look through the telescope," he

retorted, "because I have demonstrated that it cannot be there, and it is not there." And he went home in dudgeon to work out a fresh calculation. It appears to us that the agricultural experts who formed the Committee appointed by Lord Selborne and have just issued the first part of their report are very much in the position of the astronomer whose obtruse reckoning did not agree with the actual movements of the comet. The telescope in this case is the bitter experience of war. It is leading to a knowledge of agricultural policy which transcends anything that has gone before.

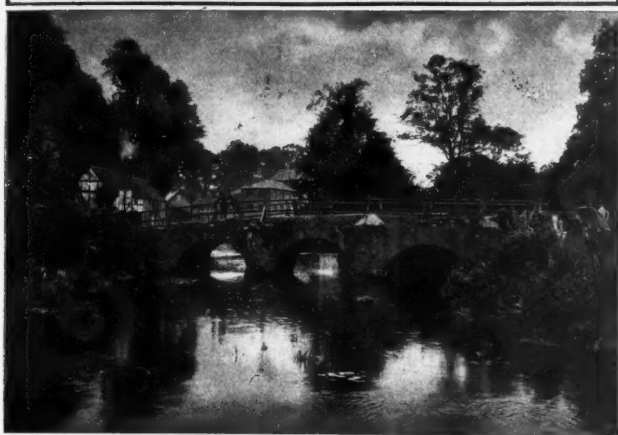
There has just been set in motion a variety of expedients applied to the land of which no human being can yet tell the final result. Among them are several things recommended by Lord Selborne's Committee. Such, for instance, are minimum prices for the farmer and minimum wages for the agriculturist. Five years after the close of the war we shall be in a position to say how these rough and ready economic rules have worked. "Practice with Science" is the motto of the Royal Agricultural Society, and in this case the motto is very deserving of application. They have furnished an instance where the watchword of the Prime Minister who appointed them suits the need admirably. We refer to Mr. Asquith's "Wait and See." In other respects it is dawning upon many who have the welfare of agriculture thoroughly at heart that some of the temporary measures which are being adopted at the present moment are proving of such invaluable service that it might be wise to make them permanent. Among these the most interesting is undoubtedly the County Agricultural Committee, of which Lord Selborne was the sole begetter. At the present moment to dogmatise would be following the bad example set by this Committee, because all the counties are not doing equally well with their Committees. Whether this is the blame of the system or the blame of those who have allowed its administration to fall into slack and incapable hands is just what we hope to know when there is the experience of years to go upon. It is too early to formulate a final judgment yet.

The account of agricultural organisation in Norfolk which we publish this week shows that in that particular county it is proving to be an admirably good institution. It emerges unscathed from any reasonable test. First of all, it is stimulating an entirely new interest in their calling among the farmers. It has awakened a thirst for right direction and more knowledge. It has opened their eyes to the advantages attendant upon the use of the latest labour-saving machinery of the time. The results cannot yet be stated in exact figures, for the very excellent reason that the farmers are not in every case able to furnish complete figures. On being exhorted to bring as much as possible of their poor pasture into arable cultivation, they replied quite reasonably that owing to the scarcity of labour and other reasons they could not guarantee the extension of their ploughland, but they would do what time and labour permitted. Judging from the returns that have come in, they have done rather more than they bargained for. It is clear that the wheat area in Norfolk will be considerably larger this year than it was last year. Similar results will not be attained in every county, because in some there has been a slackness at headquarters and an apathy in the local councils which have gone far to upset the working of the machinery. Our expert friends would do well to make full and careful enquiry into what has and what has not been achieved, and they would be serving a very good purpose if at the end of, say, the sowing period they by patient investigation endeavoured to show what faults of working are inherent and what are remediable. It seems to us that if there is a proper choice of men, the Committee of one county ought to be just as successful as the Committee of another county, and if there is a local weakness it is for the experts to find it out and provide a remedy. Correcting experience is a much more valuable occupation than that of excogitating theories the origin of which is too often to be found in the self-consciousness of the authors.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece is a portrait of Count Cadorna, the renowned Commander-in-Chief of the Italian army. He is the son of General Cadorna, who first gave Rome to the Italian Kingdom. Count Cadorna is recognised to be one of the greatest strategists of modern times. He has revolutionised the traditional strategy of the Italian army.

COUNTRY



NOTES.

IT is with exceptional pleasure that we present our readers this week with an Italian Number. The series began last year, the first being Imperial, the second French, the third Russian, and the fourth, or Christmas Number, an Appreciation of Great Britain by the Allies. Our general aim is to make the Allies better known by bringing them face to face at an imaginary table. Each of these issues has had a special character of its own, and we feel sure our readers will consider Italy no unworthy follower of its very successful predecessors. Italy in the war has played a part worthy of Imperial Rome in its days of greatness. Not one of the Paladins of old ever undertook a campaign making demands on the bravery and hardihood of their soldiers so great as has been entailed by the campaign against Austria. The mountains are to-day what they were in old Roman times, but it was comparatively easy to attack a highland fastness when it could not be defended by machine-guns and modern explosives. The armies of General Cadorna have shown a valour and discipline which entitles them to favourable comparison with the legions from which they trace descent.

BUT this is going far away from our number. Its more important theme is the character of modern warfare, but it is impossible to write of modern Italy without touching more or less upon the beautiful remains and artistic treasures which in modern times bring to it pilgrims from the most distant shore. A reflection befitting the moment is that much of what is most beautiful in Italian art was produced under the grim stress of war. No greater testimony could be given to the tenacity and force of the Italian character. In modern times opportunity of studying this feature has been afforded by the distinction which modern Italy has won in those commercial and other pursuits wherein nation strives against nation. On the Kaiser's head must fall the guilt of bringing war on Europe at a time when Italy and the other nations were racing their fastest along the road of Progress.

THIS week the land army of women start their month of training on the farms, after which they will be asked to relieve the soldiers who are now being spared from the Army for agricultural work. It is a great experiment and ought to succeed, but it cannot be too strongly impressed on the minds of farmers and others that success comes largely as a reward of tact and good organisation. It lies with the farmer to show consideration for his new recruits. Our readers will remember an article by Miss Amy J. Drucker, which appeared in our columns a little time ago, which has been generally recognised as putting the women workers' point of view in the clearest possible way. Girls who go from home or from a sedentary occupation find work on the land excessively tiring and, naturally, it makes them more hungry than they ever felt before. Miss Drucker, who spoke with the experience of one who has successfully come through the ordeal, suggested that work might be varied. The afternoon's task should not be the same as that of the forenoon, and another very sensible point was that a townsman

beginning to work in the fields requires about ten minutes' rest every two hours, and it will be all the better if she has a snack of something to eat with it. Even the field-faring women of Northumberland whose mothers for many generations back have worked on the land, feel this need acutely and some try to satisfy their craving by eating raw rice, a habit which the local officer of health usually condemns strongly. But there are many little things which could be used instead of rice.

IT was scarcely necessary for Mr. Trustram Eve to send out a circular urging allotment holders and others to make full use of the Easter holidays for potato planting and other garden work. Even in normal times the Easter holidays have long been devoted in great measure to digging and sowing, but this year the eagerness to get on with such work is absolutely unparalleled. It is very curious to look out from the carriage window on a long journey, especially when it gets towards nightfall. From every town and village people emerge like busy ants. They have swarmed over vacant building sites, they are bringing into cultivation little bits of meadow, they are making little strips of railway embankment which produce in miniature the sort of thing that must have gone on during feudal times when holdings lasted only until the hay was cut, and consisted of long strips separated by what were called "balks." High prices and war have been more eloquent than any exhortation that could have come from the "golden-mouthed Evangelist" himself. Fortunately, the last two week-ends have been favourable for such effort, and there is certainly no need to impress on the cottager at this moment the need for zeal in digging his garden.

LE CIEL EST CLAIR.

Il gèle, le ciel est clair,
La lune découpe sur la neige
De longues ombres bleues.
Les temps sont durs, c'est la guerre.
Dieu nous protège.

La terre est froide comme un diamant,
Les arbres sont raides comme des pierres,
Fais ce que dois et à l'instant !
Les étoiles brillent, le ciel est clair.

Pas un souffle, pas un cri,
Les hiboux eux-mêmes doivent se taire.
Rien ne rompt l'implacable silence de la nuit,
Mais, qu'importe ! Le ciel est clair.

La neige craque sous mes pas :
Nous n'avons jamais mieux compris
Le prix ineffable de la vie,
Où nous allons et pourquoi.

La neige craque sous mes pas :
Nous n'avons jamais mieux senti
L'orgueil du devoir accompli
Et l'ivresse du don de soi.

Et je donnerais tous les printemps
Parfumés d'églantines,
Tous les étés, tous les automnes enivrants,
Pour la limpidité cristalline
De cet hiver. . . .

C'est la guerre, les temps sont durs,
Le froid mord, la terre est pure,
Dieu nous protège. Le ciel est clair.

EMILE CAMMAERTS.

(An English translation of this poem will be found on the next page.)

HINDENBURG'S line has now been discovered, and is being assailed with the determination which has marked the Anglo-French offensive. He has resorted to the design of laying a coat of cement along either side of the trench line for an object which is perfectly clear. Of course, he knows that cement offers no obstacle to modern artillery, but its earthy colour is calculated to puzzle the airmen. That he has resorted to it is a great tribute to the courage and skill which were shown by the aviators during the Somme battle. The general object of shortening the Western German line would appear to be that once more Hindenburg is feeling the lure of the East. He no doubt reckons that the disorganisation, partial or otherwise, which is bound to accompany such a revolution as has been effected

in Russia will give him an opportunity of attacking Petrograd with hope of success. Fortunately, the Russians are very well aware of his intentions, and the freedom which has been attained by the overthrow of absolute government is more intensely anti-German than any autocracy. The Forward party in Russia has long regarded the absolutism of the German Emperor as a blot on the civilisation of Europe, and from all accounts the ardour with which they are fired and the preparations made to guard the approaches to Petrograd are likely to provide Hindenburg with an unpleasant surprise. He has not to deal on this occasion with the ill-armed herd which he drove out of the district of the Mazurian Lakes, but with a Russia that at last has realised her resources in men and munitions.

LORD DEVONPORT pays very little attention to the dearness of butter because he considers that margarine is an adequate substitute for it—modern margarine, he is careful to explain—but even that has become dear, and butter is almost unprocureable. This is in itself a very good reason for the cottage woman making all her available fruit into jam. At present prices she cannot afford even the limited meat ration which Lord Devonport suggests, and ekes it out so as to satisfy the robust appetites of her husband and children by means of dumplings and puddings, for which jam is freely used. We may take it that all the members of the Committee are townspeople and accustomed to deal with townspeople, probably with very little first-hand understanding of the conditions of country life, especially country life among the poor, and we hope that strong measures will be taken to prevent a recurrence of that hardship which was imposed upon the makers of home-made jam last year.

THE most important State document issued for some time is the Final Report of the Dominions Royal Commission. It enunciates a great Imperial policy and embodies the conclusions arrived at after five years of investigation. The matter was pressing before the war, and it is doubly pressing now. For long it has been borne in on the minds of those who considered the possibilities of the British Empire that enough had not been made of its illimitable resources. The British Empire is large enough to be self-contained and self-sufficing, but the time has gone when we can trust to its haphazard development. What the war has disclosed is that Germany in her insidious way had tapped many of the most valuable Imperial resources, while on every hand there is evidence of lack of development. It may be assumed that this report will serve as a starting point for the building up of a great new policy. Its most important suggestions are that the Empire should be independent of foreign supplies of essential raw material and commodities, and that a complete survey should be made of Empire production and requirements. The machinery for doing this should be centred in an Imperial Development Board, but research work in the Dominions should be conducted by the local governments. Emigration must be brought under strict control and Imperial communication should be improved and extended, while there is great need of reforming and strengthening the Commercial, Intelligence and Consular Services.

IT will be remembered that Dr. Shipley some little time ago indited an epistle on the text that bracken roots and fronds can be used as food. Apparently the Board of Agriculture noted the letter, for they have elaborated it into a serious and interesting article in the new number of the Journal. Bracken root has been analysed in the Government laboratory, and the result shows that about two-thirds of it consists of carbohydrates of which about one-half is starch. Several references are given to writers who have recorded its use for human food. They are French, English and German. It would be a discovery indeed if it turned out that brek-land, popularly supposed to be a waste, is really covered thickly with substitutes for the scarce potato. "We have an enormous supply, almost an unlimited supply of starch, in the underground stems, or rhizomes, of the common bracken-fern," says Dr. Shipley. In extracting roots for human food, the waste would be reclaimed at the same time, so that really there is an extraordinary virtue in this bracken!

AFTER the capture of Baghdad the inference was drawn, less from what General Sir Stanley Maude said than the derangement that befel them, that the Turks had received a smashing blow. Later intelligence amply confirms this opinion. The crossing of the River Diala at its confluence

with the Tigris was a feat of arms comparable to that of the New Zealanders' landing at Gallipoli. The description will be read with pride and with tears that need bring no shame. Pontoon after pontoon got into the middle of the stream, only to be emptied of their occupants by the fusillade which the Turks directed on them with their machine-guns and rifles concentrated for the purpose in the houses on the opposite bank. The first moonlight night was only a succession of failures, but by the second night the big guns had come up, and they produced a barrage between the Turks and the crossing parties. In a fearful cloud of dust some of the pontoons managed to get across and some sixty men landed and, joining up, started bombing along the bank. These Lancashire heroes, surrounded on all sides but the river, held the lunette all night and the next night against repeated and determined attacks. The Turks could not approach them by day because of our machine-guns, but every night they renewed their attacks, and at midnight on the 9th and 10th they were on top of the parapet, but were driven back. By 9.30 on the morning of the 10th the whole brigade had crossed and the entry was made on the 12th. It is a feat of arms that will live in history, and it would be difficult to find a parallel to the pluck and tenacity shown by the Lancashires and the other components of that brave Anglo-Indian army which is still pursuing the Turks.

THE SKY IS CLEAR.

It is freezing; the sky is clear:
Upon the snow the moon
Traces long shadows blue.
The times are hard; it is war.
God be with us.

The earth is cold as a diamond,
The trees are stiff as stones,
Do what you must, upon the spot,
The stars are gleaming, the sky is clear.

Not a breath, not a cry,
E'en the owls are still,
Nothing disturbs the silence of night
But, what matter! The sky is clear.

The snow crackles 'neath my feet:
Never have we better known
How dear life is to us
And where we go and why.

The snow crackles 'neath my feet:
Never have we better felt
The pride of duty done,
The joy of giving all.

And I'd give every spring time
Perfumed with eglantine,
Radiant summer, golden autumn
For the limpid purity
Of this winter night!

It is war and times are hard,
The cold is biting, the earth is pure.
God is with us, the sky is clear.

IT may interest our readers to know why we publish a translation of the fine poem by Mr. Cammaerts printed on the preceding page. The verses were originally set only in French, and we wrote to Mr. Cammaerts asking him if he would get a translation, because, although an appreciable percentage of our readers know enough of the language to make out the sense of the lines, few are so familiar with it as to catch the melody. Our suggestion was that Mr. Cammaerts might have the poem translated so as to retain the sort of croon that runs through it. Mr. Cammaerts did not exactly share this view, but recognised the advantage of publishing a translation with the poem. He remarked that "the crooning effect of the rhyme could not be preserved without altering the meaning of certain words, which would rather puzzle the reader if the French is published at the same time. I have tried both methods, and come to the conclusion that in the majority of cases the rhyme must be sacrificed if the rhythm and the meaning of every word has to be faithfully rendered." This extract from the poet's letter will help the English reader who does not happen to be a French scholar, though he may know some French, to appreciate the lines.

ENLIVENING FOOD PRODUCTION

THE EXAMPLE OF NORFOLK

ALTHOUGH the returns are not completed, it is known that the Norfolk wheat area of 1917 will greatly exceed that of 1916. This is but one proof out of many that, in spite of difficulties, this great agricultural county has answered splendidly to the call for increased food production. Hence the method adopted by the Executive Committee will amply repay attention, especially as this body has succeeded in carrying public opinion with it, and especially that of farmers. No other county has risen more successfully to the occasion. That it is a good Committee these results are enough to prove. It is fortunate to possess Sir Ailwyn Fellowes as chairman. He has a great local reputation as a practical agriculturist, and won the confidence of a wider public when President of the Board of Agriculture. It is not to these facts that his present success is due, but to the enthusiasm and energy which he has brought to the work, and also the tact and kindness of nature which secures willing co-operation.

Norfolk is almost too large to be managed from one centre, and those who look upon letter writing as a forbidding occupation have no cause to envy the active and competent secretary, Mr. H. Christopher Davies. Every cultivator of land has been brought into touch with the Committee, and it can easily be imagined how numerous are the enquiries in regard to a new *régime* in every county which puzzles the majority of farmers. There are nineteen districts in Norfolk, and for each a District Committee has been formed. On these local bodies dependence has to be placed for much of the practical work. At first they seem to have been rather lax. In an early report by the Executive to the General Committee an appeal is made to the District Committees "to throw off their apathetic attitudes and even at some inconvenience to themselves to try to help their brother agriculturists." The appeal was not made in vain to these admirably constituted bodies. Pains were taken to make them as representative as possible, the principle adopted being similar to that which governed the constitution of the Executive Sub-Committee, viz., to see that all the classes directly interested in land should be represented, in particular that each should have at least one labour member. Such bodies as the Chamber of Agriculture, the Norfolk Land Valuers' Association, the Women's War Agricultural Society, were invited to nominate members, and a welcome was extended to any member of the County Council or District Council who wished to act.

To sum up, the framework of the machinery consists of the General Emergency Committee, an Executive Sub-Committee of nine—Sir Ailwyn Fellowes is chairman of both—nineteen local District Councils, and a correspondent in every parish or, where they are small, group of parishes. In addition, the members of the Land Valuers' Association cordially agreed to the carrying out of a survey in order to report upon what land, with better treatment, might be made to increase its food production. Acting with the Committee there is also an efficient organisation for women, which will be more fully described later on. Let us now turn to the actual work.

All the County War Committees have to deal with the same problems, now well known to everybody. Labour stands first among them. It proved to be a formidable but uncomplicated difficulty. Norfolk came out as a fine recruiting ground in the days of voluntarism, when the agricultural districts were nearly emptied of young men. At first it was possible to get at least a few casual workers to replace them, but there is no casual labour in Norfolk now; casual has been absorbed by regular labour. Even veterans who were thought to be worn out have been called back to the field, where they can still show that their right hands have not lost their cunning even if they have lost their original vigour. But that did not go far to compensate for the undermanning of the farm. In Norfolk, as elsewhere, it was hoped to obtain the help of German war prisoners. Detailed arrangements were made in regard to their pay, housing and guarding, but owing to hesitation or incompetency at headquarters the plan fell through. Nor have interned prisoners been available. The best substitutes came from the Army. Soldiers known to be skilled in farm work have been lent with comparative freedom by the military authorities. At the beginning of March the Executive reported that "a large number of soldiers continue to be employed on Norfolk land" and "comparatively few complaints are received as to that class of labour." Applications for them

have to be made to the Labour Exchange before April 15th. Norfolk women came gallantly to the rescue of the men. It is recognised that "women came forward splendidly last year, and there is therefore less room for increase than there might be if they had been less ready to work in the past."

Under the earlier scheme only one tractor plough was received from the Board of Agriculture, but the new plan drawn up by Mr. Perry is working better. Nine are on hire under it and more are getting ready. I was sorry not to see the working of a novel experiment which was to be tried the day after my visit. This was to harness a "caterpillar," originally designed for other work in Russia, to an eight-furrow plough. Tractors work twenty hours a day in three shifts, so that the "caterpillar" should get over a good many acres in a week. Ploughing in Norfolk, as elsewhere, has been stopped by the unfavourable weather. In such a wet month as last November it was impossible to get on with it even on light soil, and the hard winter has been equally fatal to cultivation.

Problem number three, how to increase productivity, is now being approached with good prospects of success. From the valuers who had undertaken a survey of the county 310 reports were received. Some are still under consideration, but definite decisions have been reached in regard to several. Typical cases are those of two considerable farms which were reported to be in a state of neglect. The larger is a holding in East Norfolk containing 450 acres of land. This the Executive has taken over and intends to cultivate it for the Board of Agriculture, which is finding the capital. Number two is a neglected farm of 350 acres in South Norfolk. In this case the Executive is going to work it for the owner, who has agreed to provide the necessary capital. One fears that cultivation even by the best committee is not likely to be as economic as farming by a competent individual, but at all events it is sure to succeed in increasing the food supply for 1917, which is the foremost consideration.

In many instances the valuers recommended that certain poor pastures should be ploughed, and procedure has been adopted to meet each type of case. Where it is beyond doubt that a tenant could break up and cultivate pastures reported to be suitable for the purpose, he has been ordered to do so. About 40 acres of land have been dealt with in this way.

Arrangements have been made to get better cultivation of 51 acres of indifferent grass. On a much larger acreage tenants have been ordered to break up pasture, but where they could plead genuine difficulties the Executive accepted their assurance that such land would be broken up "if time and labour permit." The returns from these last are only coming in now, and are showing that the farmers have been as good as their word. As has been said above, enough is known to justify the statement that in consequence of the action taken by the Committee there will be a considerably increased wheat area in Norfolk this year. Looking forward, although it has held its hand for the present, the Committee has noted the cases where it was found impossible to bring the land in this year, and intends to force cultivation for the harvest of 1918. A striking increase of arable by voluntary arrangement is that of a notable sportsman and breeder, who has ploughed up his paddocks to the extent of 14,000 acres near Thetford. He bought four motor ploughs for the purpose. The Light Land estates have come in for a certain amount of attention, and are promised more in the future.

Probably every reader who has taken an interest in our account of the work done at Methwold will watch eagerly for information as to what the Executive Committee will do with it. In the report it is stated that "there are several light land estates in Norfolk which have always been very lightly cultivated and which the Committee have in mind for such future action as may be possible." Naturally, the Committee, though words cannot praise sufficiently its patriotism and general capability, is a little conservative, not to say old-fashioned, in regard to cultivation. These light lands in Norfolk are really better than those light lands in Belgium which have been made to yield some of the heaviest crops in Europe. But this is by the most recent methods devised by science. The point of interest is whether this County Committee with all its intelligence and determination will break away from old ways to venture on what is still a new style of farming in East Anglia.

(To be continued.)

ITALY'S PART



IN THE ALLIANCE

GREAT BRITAIN, along with the rest of the civilised world, is too much under the spell of Ancient Rome to appreciate at their true value the national characteristics of Modern Italy. It could not well be otherwise, since in all departments of intellectual activity Rome in antiquity, Italy in the Middle Ages, produced so many men of universal fame. Julius Cæsar was not only a great Emperor and General; he was one of the half dozen or so men of genius who from time to time have cleft a way to a world supremacy. Alexander the Great in old and Napoleon in modern times can claim no more than to be his peers, if they can do that. In literature Rome stands very close to Greece. Wherever there are schools in Christendom, Virgil and Horace, Lucretius and Catullus have wielded unrivalled influence over youth, not in one generation only, but down the centuries. Of Italian art it would be idle to attempt to say anything adequate in the few sentences at disposal. The Italian masters of painting are the masters of the world.

But instead of dilating on the glorious past of Italy our aim in this number is to exhibit our Ally as one of the great brotherhood of nations united for the purpose of withstanding a savage attack on liberty in general and the rights of small nations in particular. This was the end kept steadily in view when the following pages were being compiled. Only a very few Englishmen of this generation appreciate the fact that Italy is a very young as well as a very old nation, and that for the last quarter of a century she has been expanding very rapidly on modern lines. There is not a more progressive nation in Europe of the twentieth century. And the war has applied a touchstone to that progress. It is already certain that she will emerge from the ordeal by battle unstained and with added glory.

The outbreak of hostilities found Italy a member of the Triple Alliance. Her reason for joining it originally was that in character it was professedly defensive. Italian statesmen seeing easily through the cant and sophistry of the pretence made by Germany, that France, Russia and England, all unprepared for war, had rushed into conflict with a Power armed and ready, recognised that the Kaiser was waging an aggressive war for ends definitely set forth in the Pan-German programme of 1911. For a lucid exposition of Italy's aims in the war readers should turn to the article that appears on page 313. It is not signed for reasons easy to divine, but that it comes from the highest authority we have given our assurance. The task that they have set themselves is stupendous. Austria after the war of 1866 took care to obtain a scientific frontier, and it might well have appeared hopeless for the bravest army to scale those mountains and carry the positions which are described and pictured in Signor Bedolo's contribution. But General Cadorna has at his call not only a valiant army whose darling project is to win that country of the Irredenta which is essentially Italian in history and tradition and folklore, but he has also the help of scientifically trained officers who are masters of mountain warfare. Not one of the belligerents has achieved more stupendously difficult feats than Italy. At sea she, like ourselves, has had to deal with an enemy whose greatest consideration has been how to escape battle, but she has done all that was possible with her fine fleet.

Italy, in short, has proved an Ally to be proud of. Her natural position is by the side of England, whose friendship for her is no growth of yesterday. Names like those of Mazzini and Garibaldi are cherished as tenderly in this country as in their own.

Between Great Britain and Italy there is not a single point on which their respective interests clash, no ambition of the one which even at the most remote date is likely to conflict with the welfare of the other. The two States have acquitted themselves with equal valour in the field, and when the war is over there is every reason to hope for a continued and closer friendship. Italy has gone forward to admiration in many directions. In engineering she is one of the foremost nations of the world, and during the last two decades her industrial and commercial expansion has excited general admiration. But her resources, agricultural and mineral, have not yet been correspondingly developed, although schemes for doing so were beginning to operate before the war. The obstacle to success lay in the fact that the Germans had made Italy the scene of an experiment in peaceful penetration. They were everywhere, in banks and businesses, thrusting their capital wherever it was possible into Italian enterprises. That phase of history is now ended—probably for ever. Should Italy in the immediate future require assistance in the full development of her resources, she may very properly look to her present Ally for it.

People in this country may be trusted to love even more fervently than before her fair cities, fascinating antiquities and artistic wealth, but they will come to know her as a clever enterprising neighbour who, indeed, is happy in the possession of these heritages from the past, but who is also keen to take her place in that great leap forward in material and intellectual prosperity which will follow when victory has crowned our united efforts and the Hun is obliged to return to his true place in the comity of nations, a consummation only to be achieved by forcing him to lay aside his arrogance and bluster.

So far the Italians have carefully refrained from the process known in Russia as skinning the bear before it is killed. They are very frank in stating exactly what they are fighting for, and they do not lack that confidence which every courageous man possesses in a combat, but for the present they are content to concentrate their energies on winning the war.

The feeling in the Italian cities is exactly the same as in Great Britain, where, as far as we know, never a doubt has been expressed as to the necessity of holding on until victory is assured. It was an ancient trait in the English character which has been noted by the observant Froissart, who casually remarks at the same time that English people were never really happy unless they were fighting. In modern times this is not so true as it was, because the highly civilised ear, whether it is in Rome and Florence or London and Brighton, still hears too acutely the moans of the dying to take that joy in warfare for its own sake which our forefathers did. Italy has shown a tenacity in fighting Austria that gives assurance that she will not lose her grip till the Irredenta is redeemed and replaced in its right position as part of the Kingdom of Italy.

AN EAGLE'S WAR

BY GINO CALZA BEDOLO, LONDON CORRESPONDENT OF THE "GIORNALE D'ITALIA."

ONE cannot deal with Italian campaigning without remembering that warfare on the Alps is different from any to kind of warfare, and that the front on which the Italians are fighting differs from all other European fronts. I have visited several times since 1914 the French, Belgian and British fronts. I have thus been able to compare them with the Italian, which I have seen at different seasons, under different conditions and on three different occasions. My visits have led me to the conclusion that the strategic and military problems which the Italian Army has daily to surmount are totally different from those of all the other Allied Armies.

It is sufficient to remember, in order to prove this, that the Italian front stretches for about 500 miles, of which 450 miles are situated in mountainous districts. The line of Italian trenches, along the greater part of the front, is dug at heights varying between 2,000ft. and 8,000ft. It was made during the first days of the war under fire, and in places where often no human being had ever been before. The Italian defensive system crosses many great glaciers, such as that, for instance, of the Adamello, which, before the war, had only been explored by a few hardy mountaineers in the most favourable season of the year. It is easy, therefore, to understand that the first task to be accomplished was that of ensuring the existence of the army at these altitudes.

The Alpine frontier of Italy, unlike the Austrian, was lacking in roads and railways. It became necessary to build—in the face of most appalling difficulties—a complete network of mountain

roads. Nothing is more wonderful than to follow in a car these highways which have taken but a few weeks to

build in places where two years ago there was not even a mountain path. Some of these new roads, like that of the Val Dogna and of the Val Raccolana, rise for over twenty miles to a height of 6,000ft. above the sea level, and compare favourably with the great Roman roads of the past. If it had not been for these roads, designed by Italian engineers and executed by Italian soldiers, it would never have been possible for the Italian army to turn the chain of the Alps into a formidable fortress. I have often been astonished to find 12in. siege guns hoisted to the top of some of these Alpine fastnesses. A very considerable part of the Italian Army was employed in carrying out this gigantic scheme, which will remain one of the greatest records of the Great War.

It was not possible, however, to build roads everywhere owing to the length of the Italian front and to the varied nature of the ground, not to mention the time and the work needed to build them. There are, moreover, several advanced positions situated on high ridges which would entail difficulties which no feat of engineering skill or ingenuity could possibly overcome. This has made it necessary for the greater part of the Italian trenches to be dug at the foot of narrow and difficult tracks impassable to anything save men and mules. In this connection it should also be remembered that each case of ammunition or provisions may take five or six hours to reach these advanced positions. These are but some of the difficulties attending the



In many places it was necessary to fix ladders as the only means of keeping up communication with the first line trenches and observation posts; all supplies of food, ammunition and fuel had to be carried by men up the ladders, and wounded men brought down the same way.



An Alpini ski company on the march on the Adamello Glacier. The grade is too steep to be mounted by straight crossing, and the troops must get up it by a zig-zag path on the snow.

revictualling of the army among the desert wastes of ice and snow. Italy has now over a million men in her front line of trenches, and another half-million at work keeping the army provided with all its manifold requirements.

I have visited some of these first line trenches, connected with the rear by a path which does not even allow the passage of a column of mules. On the group of the Tofane, for instance, the summits are occupied by a couple of battalions whose only means of communication with the world below is by means of "cable-ways." These consist of a thick steel cable along which a large iron basket runs on a pulley and is connected by another cable to the foot of the cable-way. Men, provisions, ammunition and guns are daily hauled up

by these cable-ways, which are, in some cases, suspended over ravines thousands of feet deep, and are often shelled by the enemy. To watch a stretcher with a wounded soldier being lowered by one of these cable-ways is, perhaps, one of the most impressive sights on the Italian front. Some of these cable-ways are over five miles in length, and take about half an hour to cross. The cramped and motionless position which is rendered necessary by the restricted space in these baskets, coupled with the cold, makes these journeys a terrible hardship, especially for the wounded. The Italian wounded, however, have revealed an exceptional degree of courage and power of resistance. I have seen very serious cases, after a journey of six or eight hours on a stretcher



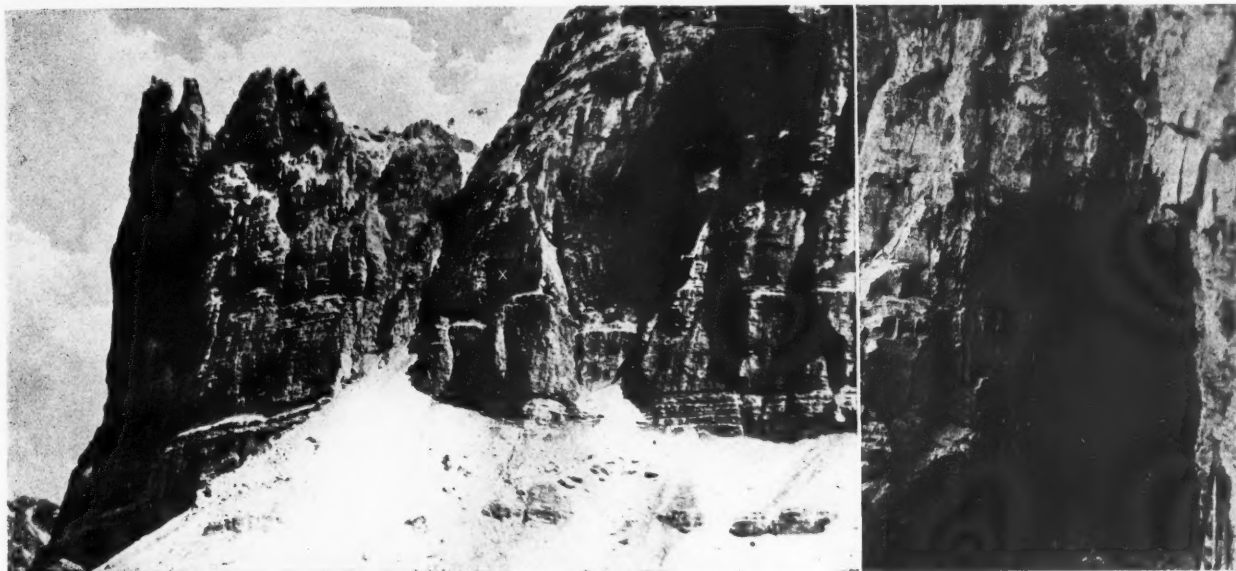
Ski Company advancing to attack; the men are garbed in white overalls to render them less conspicuous on the glowing snow; even the machine guns are transported on skis.

down rough and steep mountain paths, smile at some comrade they may chance to meet.

The difficulties of communication on the Italian front considerably increase the strategic problems of the campaign. The impossibility of rapidly bringing up reinforcements in any number, when a position is menaced by a sudden enemy attack obliges the Italian Staff to keep a considerable number of men in reserve in the trenches. Thus, over

numerically very superior. The difficulties increase as the campaign proceeds, and as the base of supplies is left further in the rear by the advancing army.

The Italian army in a year and a half has succeeded, however, in occupying about 2,000 square miles of Austrian territory in the Carnia, Trentino and Cadore regions, and has captured over 100,000 prisoners and several hundred guns. The Austrians are being held and pushed slowly



The Castelletto: a famous mountain position which the Italians could not attack; they drilled a tunnel 1,200yd. long, and blew up the top with a gigantic mine. The entrance to the mine-tunnel is marked x, and is shown on a larger scale in the illustration on the right.

a million men are obliged to remain for long periods at a time among the eternal snows, without being able to go back for a short rest at the base. Three-quarters of these belong to the southern Italian provinces. The hardships they have to undergo are inconceivable to anyone not acquainted with life in regions which are as cold and as dangerous as those in the Arctic circle. These front line trenches are cut out of the ice, and it is almost impossible to find any adequate means of protecting the soldiers from the intense cold. Yet, notwithstanding all this, I have seen regiments composed exclusively of Sicilian and Neapolitan troops, unaccustomed to the cold, living and fighting without so much as a murmur, day in, day out, where the thermometer at night falls to 15deg. below zero.

All these conditions increase the difficulties which already beset the campaign.

When people are inclined to criticise the slowness of the Italian advance they should remember that it takes months, sometimes, and a number of men entirely out of proportion to the strategic importance of a position to dislodge a few Austrian troops who, assisted by the natural defences afforded by the mountains, can hold forces

back at all points by the Italian troops who withstood and repelled the formidable offensive, not inferior to that at Verdun, launched by the enemy last spring in the Trentino. Future historians will be able fully to appreciate the heroism, the self-sacrifice and the ability displayed by the Italian troops and their commanders, stemming the tide of an invasion rendered all the more easy by the possession of dominating strategic positions abutting into Italy.

It is, of course, impossible to expect large territorial gains along the whole of such a vast front. The enemy, however, is being vigorously and relentlessly pressed at all points along a line which the Austrians are now holding with about two-thirds of their effectives, picked from among the best troops of the Monarchy, who have used



The enormous crater made by the explosion of the "Castelletto."

all the natural advantages of the country to the fullest extent. The ground is contested inch by inch with incredible fury, inspired by the traditional hatred of the Austrians for the Italians. It is not improbable, however, that when Italy, after having gained a decisive victory on the Isonzo, will be able to take Trieste, the whole Austrian defensive system will collapse; for only on the Carso front, the extreme eastward end of the Italian line,

will the decision of the Italian campaign take place. The Carso is a large plateau, rocky, desolate and without water, from which rise a series of small hills which form a kind of colossal wall which hinders the Italian advance upon Trieste. Limited by the valley of the Vipacco on the one side, and by that of the Isonzo on the other, the Carso is in itself a formidable natural fortress especially suited to siege warfare. For many months the Italians hurled themselves against this plateau, which is about twenty-five miles wide and thirty miles long. The Austrian resistance in this sector centred round Gorizia and the hills dominating it, and when that city fell last autumn the Austrians had to withdraw their lines to the hills at the extreme edge of the plateau dominating Trieste. The Italian lines extend at present as far as the centre of the Carso Plateau. This front is in certain respects, perhaps, the most terrible and the most difficult, as is witnessed by the name of "Hell" given to it by the Hungarian "Honved" regiments. The Italians are now about to try and break through the last line of Austrian defences on the Carso, which are formed by a chain of small hills rising to about 1000ft. which bar the way to Trieste. The loss of this city, one of the most dear to the hearts of the Italians, would be an irretrievable blow not only to Austria, but also to Germany, which looks upon it as one of the most important bases for her scheme of world dominion. In some places the Italian front line trenches are little more than ten miles from the city. The Austrian positions, however, have been prepared for many months, and are of the most formidable kind. The prize at stake and the nature of the battlefield will make the forthcoming Italian offensive a decisive one for the war on this front.

It is certain that the Italians will reach Trieste; its possession is a question of life and death to them, as it is to the Austrians. To have it is to be the master of the situation and to gain an outlet to the Adriatic, of the most vital strategic importance in the present war; for only then will it be possible to clear that sea of the Austrian fleet which has taken refuge in the harbour of Pola and among the islands of the Dalmatian Archipelago. To attain this aim the Italians are ready and willing to spare no sacrifice, sustained by the consciousness of their great past and by the will to ensure the future safety of Italy.



Sydney Spencer.

Pre-war photographs showing the difficult character of the country in which the Italians are fighting to-day.

Copyright.

THE SUCCESS OF THE ITALIAN FLEET

BY ARCHIBALD HURD.

WHAT has the Italian Fleet done since Italy entered the war nearly two years ago? It has engaged in no naval battle; no such cruiser actions as have occurred in the North Sea have taken place; destroyers and submarines, if judgment be passed on the evidence of official communiqués, have exhibited little activity. Apparently the Italian Navy has made only a small contribution to the promotion of the allied cause, having been content to await the movement of events. Any such judgment as that would be based on a complete misunderstanding of the naval situation in the Adriatic, "the bitterest of all seas." On the one hand, the Italian seamen have exhibited prudence allied with boldness and tenacity; on the other, they have

it is no easy matter to prevent such raids by small, swift craft, and that the defence against airships and aeroplanes armed with bombs is even less easily encompassed. How does the North Sea compare with the Adriatic, where Italy and Austria face each other in conditions somewhat similar to those with which we have been made acquainted in the North Sea? The latter has an area of 150,000 square miles with a length of 600 miles and an extreme width, to the northward, of 400 miles. The Adriatic is little more than one quarter the size; though its length is about the same as that of the North Sea, it is narrow, having a mean breadth of little more than 100 miles. It may be suggested that the limited extent and formation of the Adriatic are no greater handicaps to Italy than to her opponent. That, however,



THE ITALIAN DREADNOUGHT "CAVOUR" FIRING WITH HER 4.7 GUNS.

imposed their will on an enemy who for many years had treated Italian sentiments and ambitions with ill concealed contempt.

There is no greater error than to judge the prowess of a fleet by the number and character of the battles it fights. Sea power works silently, and its operations may be completed without the opposing squadrons having come into real effective touch on a single occasion. In fact, the more complete and the longer sustained the silence the greater may be the triumph. Italians may certainly congratulate themselves upon the success which their seamen, constrained by every strategical and tactical disability, have been able to achieve over a period of nearly two years.

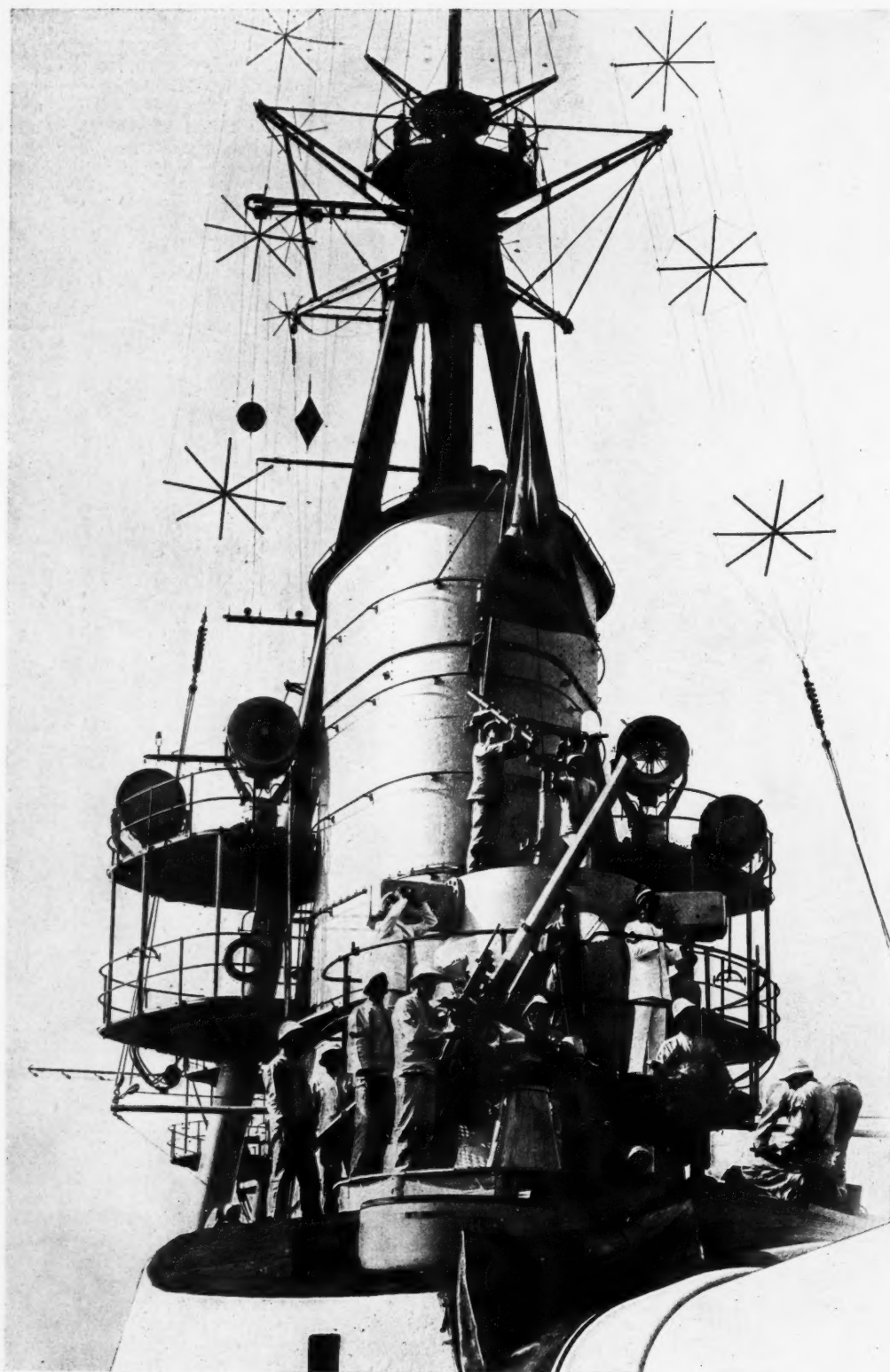
The British people have become familiar with the naval conditions existing in the North Sea; they at last realise that however active their own naval forces, the enemy, taking advantage of darkness or fog, and possessing a short coastline bristling with guns and alive with submarines, always enjoys the benefit of the initiative in undertaking lightning excursions to the undefended British coastline, fringed with "open" towns and villages. They have learnt by experience that

is not the case. The British and Germans both possess good harbours in the North Sea; the Italian coast washed by the Adriatic offers no hospitable *points d'appui*. The Italian littoral—to a length of about 600 miles, be it noted—is without a single serviceable harbour, and there is practically no point suitable for the mounting of coast artillery with the assurance that it would prove an effective protection. Austria is better circumstanced. For many years she has possessed a number of fine harbours which stretch from Trieste along Croatia to the extreme limit of Dalmatia. She seized Italy's naval birthright in the Adriatic and, while refusing herself to attempt to revive the glories of a former age, when Venice was the *entrepôt* of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic was frequented by rich argosies, she has persistently resisted Italy's claim to ownership, based alike on the nationality of the population and unity of language, customs and sentiment. Austria has engaged in this war with all the advantages flowing from the possession of a series of good harbours, fringed by hundreds of islands, large and small. Moreover, the wash of the current is from

the east to the west, a matter of some importance in many operations; on the Austrian side of the Adriatic the water is deep, whereas on the other side it is shallow; there are innumerable safe channels to the Austrian harbours; in almost any weather conditions Italy's enemy has the advantage of light, the importance of which more than one incident in the naval war has illustrated.

Italy is one of the great naval Powers of the world, but the fleet is not her first line of defence. It is an important

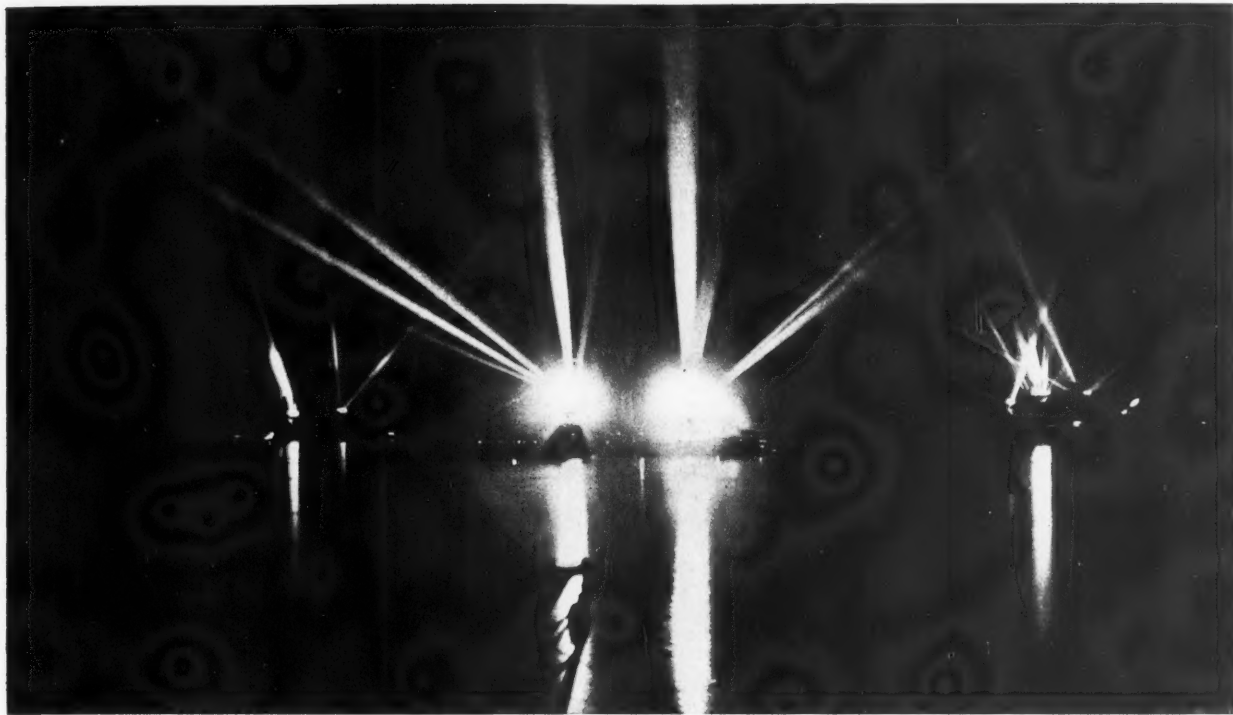
of the dangers threatening it ashore, where it was being pressed by Continental armies, and afloat, where it was called upon to defend its sea interests at a time when the Dutch were the sea carriers of the world. Drawn between competing interests, Holland fell. The Italians, confronted by a not dissimilar conflict of claims, have triumphed. Their participation in the war on the side of the Allies, apart from the moral issues involved, was inevitable; it was the sequel to a policy steadily pursued. It was foreseen by Bismarck



ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN READY TO FIRE.

element of strength, but not the most important, because the Italians, isolated from military assistance by any other Power, have a long and, as history has shown, difficult land frontier to defend. In all Europe probably no nation has shown such consummate wisdom in the adjustment of the balance between defence on land and by sea. Italy's position somewhat resembles that of the Dutch Republic at the moment when it was at the zenith of its splendour and became conscious

thirty or forty years ago. When he prevailed upon Italy to join the Triple Alliance he realised that she could remain attached to this agreement, then purely defensive in its character, only so long as Germany abstained from indulging in fantastic dreams of conquest and that Power and Austria remained on terms of friendship with the greatest sea Power of the world. Italian statesmen, not secretly but openly, insured their nation in two markets, and the Iron Chancellor

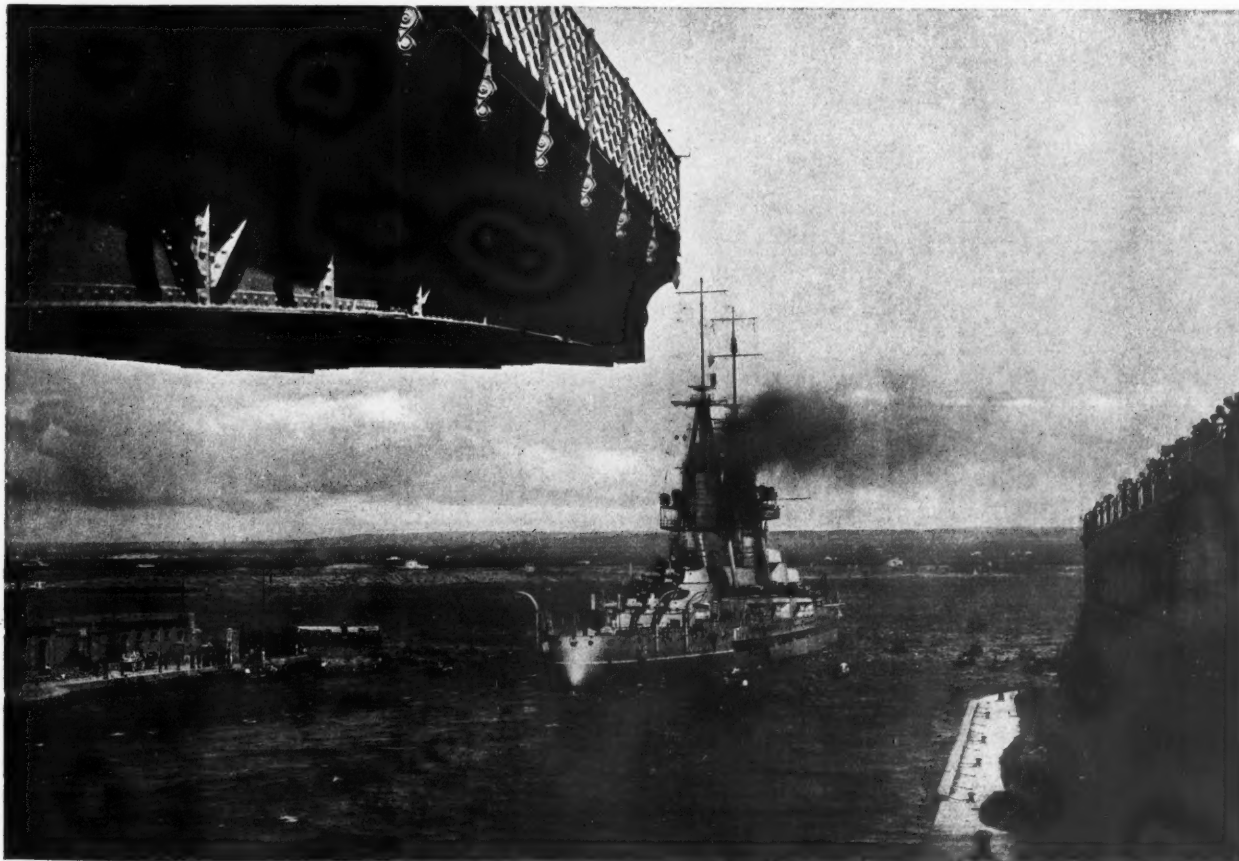


A NIGHT OF VIGIL ON THE ADRIATIC.

was aware on which side Italy would fight if the choice had to be made between the Triple Alliance, with its great military forces, and England with her fleet. In the light of recent events Italian policy has been completely justified.

Has the Italian fleet, operating under severe strategical and tactical disadvantages, fulfilled its mission, not merely as an instrument of Italy's power, but as one of the weapons of the Allies employed against the Central Powers? In the early days of the struggle in the Adriatic the outlook appeared black. The whole stretch of Italian coast was without defence. Immediately the Italians took over from the Anglo-French admirals the responsibility of "containing"

the Austro-Hungarian fleet, the enemy initiated a raiding policy. Ships, large and small, stole out from one or other of the many ports and, making full use of the shelter provided by the adjacent islands, darted across the narrow waterway and bombarded Italian towns and villages without a vestige of defence. These operations were repeated time and again. The Italian seamen did their best to punish the enemy for his infractions of the law of nations and the dictates of humanity, but from the first it was apparent that, owing to the absence of harbours, they were severely handicapped. During this period, let there be no mistake, the Italians suffered in life and in property. The enemy entertained a



A DREADNOUGHT ENTERING TARANTO.

belief that he could break the morale of this proud people by such outrages, and even anticipated that the misery of the sufferers, spreading like some plague through the peninsula, would sow the seeds of a revolution. Those hopes were doomed. A nation which shed its blood and treasure in order to achieve unity was not to be terrorised by such barbaric exhibitions of hatred. But there is no reason for concealing that at the time when these raids were carried out and men, women, and children were slaughtered in cold blood the Italian people experienced the tragedy of a war in which their enemy has thrown to the winds all the restraints legal and humane.

For many months past this cruel and senseless raiding policy has been abandoned. What has been the reason? Has the enemy regretted his former exhibitions of Prussianism? On the contrary. The higher command of Austria-Hungary is as merciless and ruthless as it ever was. The Italians, adepts in engineering and limitless of resource, have taught the enemy a lesson. Down the length of the Italian coast there runs a railway. The idea was conceived of fitting out a number of armoured trains, equipped with heavy guns. It was at once apparent that this expedient might offer to the harassed population of the little towns and villages some measure of protection. Plans were swiftly prepared, and within a short time several trains, manned by

Director General of the Naval Department in Vienna, time will show. But, whatever the future may have in store, it may be recalled that the disparity of strength between the Austro-Hungarian and Italian fleets has never been considerable, and therefore the absence of an offensive policy on the part of the enemy carries with it a significant reflection of opinion in Austria-Hungary on the war-worthiness of the Italian naval forces.

Before the war in Europe broke out Italy and her neighbour were engaged in a keen competition for supremacy in the Adriatic. Sometimes doubt was expressed whether, after all, Germany's close partner might not win the race. Fortunately, the Italians were fully alive to the importance of the contest to their future if strategic freedom were to be enjoyed by the army. With splendid persistence they pushed forward their naval schemes, taking care that shipbuilding did not outrun ship-manning and fleet training. When at last the diplomatic tension between the two countries snapped under the pressure of Italian public opinion the new ally of the Quadruple Entente possessed a margin of safety. It was not more than that. While Austria had four ships of the Dreadnought type, besides six older but effective ships of the line, Italy had complete, or on the point of completion, six vessels of the new era, besides six older battleships. She was also better supplied with armoured cruisers, light



ANTI-SUBMARINE GUNS.

seamen, were ready to concentrate at any points on the coast threatened by the Austrians. Experience has proved the success of the scheme. The enemy has consistently kept out of range of these mobile guns, and, though the war continues, the men, women, and children who live on the Italian shores of the Adriatic are able to exist in peace. It must not be supposed, however, that the Italian Fleet has ceased to operate in the Adriatic. Owing to the support which these armoured trains supply, the Italian flotillas have been able to exert increasing influence against the enemy. The Austrians have been attacked in their lairs; safe conduct has been given to Italian transports; the command of the Adriatic has been maintained for essential commerce in spite of mine and submarine.

The Italian Fleet has also given material assistance to the Allied cause by the success which has attended its major operations against the Austro-Hungarian Fleet. There has been no naval battle, it is true, but that is because the enemy has submitted to the will of the Italian seamen. His ships, for the most part, have been content to remain in port, protected by coast artillery, elaborate minefields and flotillas of submarines. Under the late Admiral Haus a purely defensive policy was adopted. What will happen now that the fleet is under a new commander-in-chief, Admiral Niegova, and Admiral Kailer von Kalpenfels has become

cruisers and destroyers. Above all, our new Ally entered the war with the confidence that comes from knowledge of the courage and skill of her seamen and a reserve of strength. However the struggle in the Adriatic might develop Italians knew that they could count upon the support of the French and British naval forces, which in the preceding months had imposed inactivity on the Austro-Hungarian forces. What contribution has the Italian fleet made to the success of the cause of the Allies? It has sat astride the Straits of Otranto, offering to the enemy a challenge to action by night as by day; it has imposed an iron constriction on his sea-borne commerce; it has conferred freedom of movement upon the Allies in the Mediterranean. There has been no battle, because the enemy has hidden his ships behind strong defences, an attack on which, involving heavy losses, would have been merely to play the Austro-Hungarian game; Italian interests would not thereby be promoted. The Italian seamen have had to be content with a rôle of action lacking the dramatic element. No small part of the credit which is theirs lies in the patience and courage with which they have supported what Rear-Admiral Mazzinghi has described as "a form of new heroism, less accessible to the common intelligence, gaining little regard or applause from the masses, but containing in itself a great and continued exercise of virtue and character."

THE POOLS-OF-PEACE

The little Pools-of-Peace lie far
From dusty ways of Noon,
Along the winding paths of Sleep
To where the hills of Twilight keep
The gardens of the Moon.

When night comes softly down the sky
And lights each waiting star
The Minstrels of the Moon play low
For dancing feet of winds that go
To those still pools afar.

The little Winds-of-Dreams go swift
And scatter with light hand
The Dust-of-Dreams to seal the sight
Of those who weary of the light
And seek for Elfin lands.

*O, follow then the little winds
Along those shadowy ways
And find the Pools-of-Peace that lie
So fair beneath the dreaming sky
So far from dusty days.*

JOAN CAMPBELL.



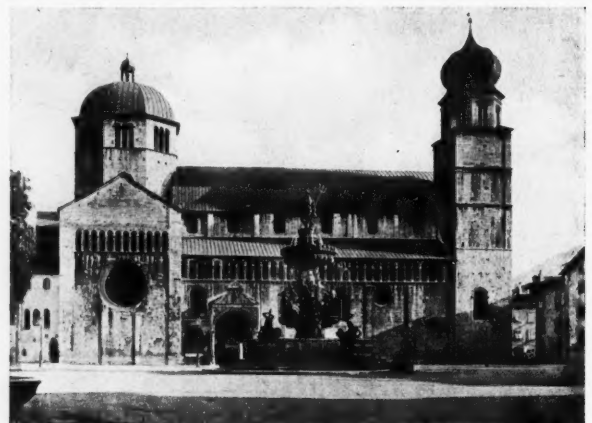
ITALIAN ART IN ITALIA IRREDENTA



The Ponte Rosso and Sant' Antonio's Church in the chief Adriatic harbour, Trieste, which is the immediate aim of one of Cadorna's armies.



The Roman amphitheatre of Pola, where the Austrian fleet is hiding.

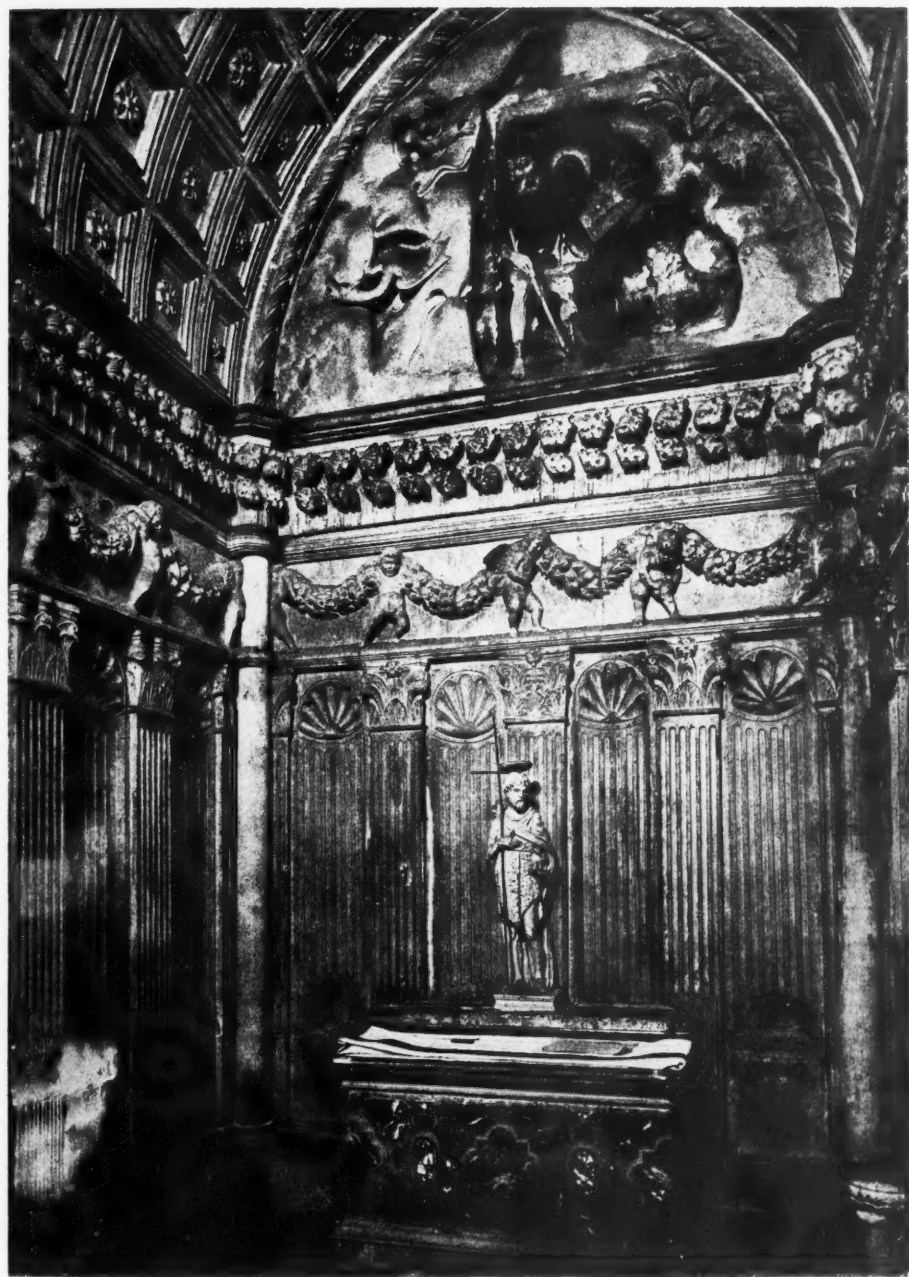


Trento's historic cathedral, another aim of the Italians in the war. The town is world famous for the Council of Trent.



Parenzo's Cathedral. Parenzo is one of many beautiful Istrian towns on the eastern shore of the Adriatic. All show the same indebtedness to Italian architectural art.

ITALIAN ART IN ITALIA IRREDENTA



Details of the Cathedral at Traù, the most beautiful monument of Italian art in the Venetian Adriatic. Traù will bear comparison for exquisite beauty with the most famous of the Venetian or Tuscan cities.

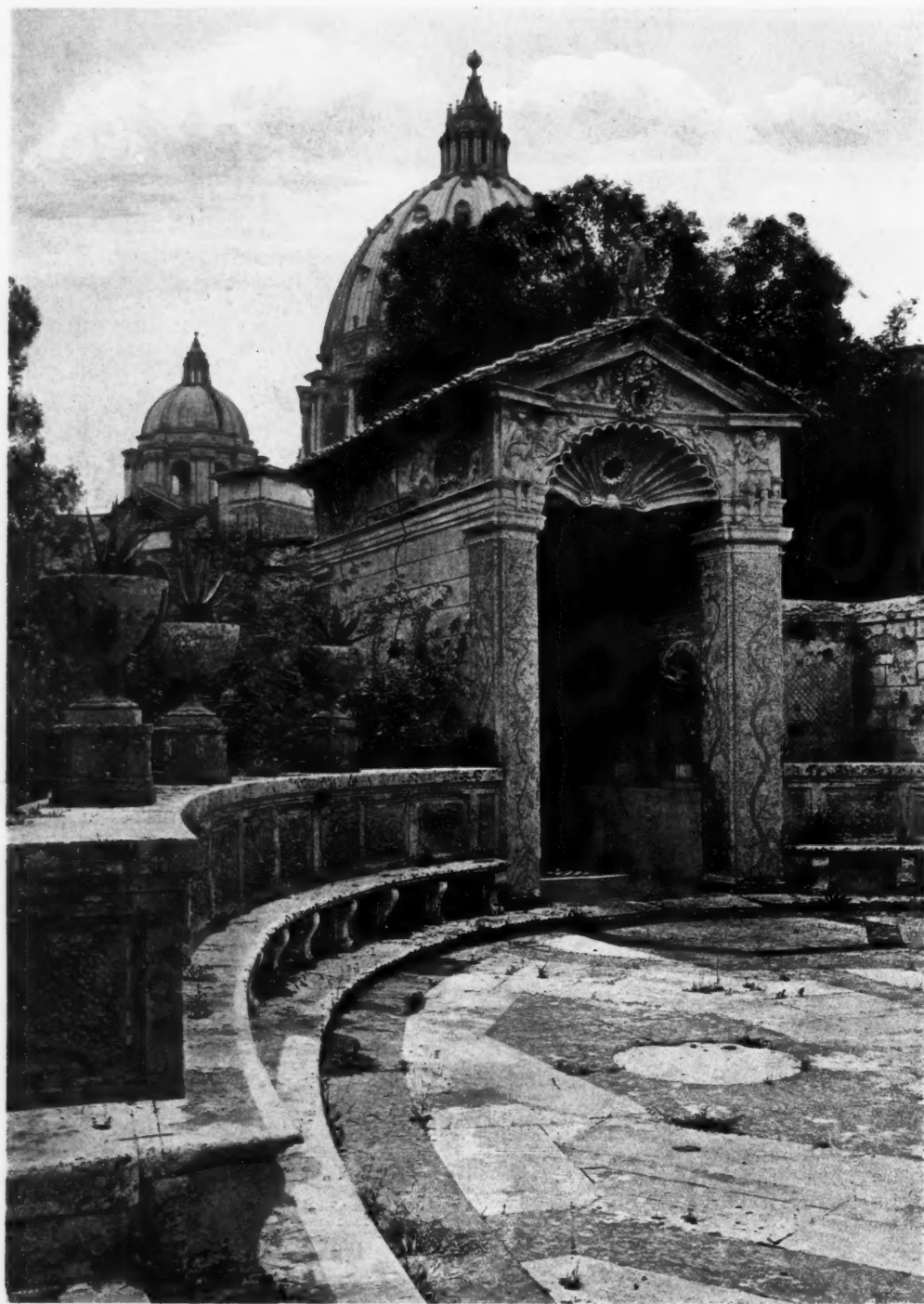
ITALIAN GARDENS

BY JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

THE love of gardens and of garden-making was one of the most striking features of the Italian Renaissance. When the mediæval world awoke from its long sleep, a revived sense of the beauty of Nature and of the infinite joy and variety of human life was the first thing to dawn upon its consciousness. The scholars who revelled in the newly discovered glories of Homer and Virgil, or pored over the text of yellow parchments long hidden from view, were just as keenly alive to the delights of country sights and sounds. Petrarch and Boccaccio, Pico and Poliziano, Bembo and Boiardo, took as great a pleasure in their gardens as any of the Medici or Este princes. With one voice the poets of Florence and Siena called on youths and maidens to escape from the turmoil of city life, from the heat and noise of the Exchange and market-place, and fly to the villa where the endless delights of spring were awaiting them—green leaves, sweet flowers, the song of the birds, and the pleasant murmur of running streams; in a word, all that makes life glad and joyous.

Even in Venice, where every inch of ground was precious, gardens abounded in those days. Casola, the Milanese Canon who spent a fortnight in Venice in 1494 waiting for the Jaffa fleet that was to take him and his fellow pilgrims to Jerusalem, was amazed at the number and beauty of the convent gardens in the city. Some years later, Sansovino counted as many as a hundred palaces with gardens attached to them, "where you are able at one moment to enjoy the splendour of the sea and the beauties of mountains, woods and flowers—in short, all that pleases both the eye and heart of man." Murano and the Giudecca were famous for their gardens, and Titian's house at Biri Grande had delightful grounds on the edge of the lagoon, looking across to the peaks of his mountain home of Cadore. Here he gave supper parties to his friends on summer nights, when the lagoon swarmed with gondolas full of beautiful women and the sweet sounds of music and song came floating over the water. In the Eternal City, where the departed splendours of Imperial Rome had never wholly been forgotten, new gardens

arose on the sites occupied by those of Sallust and Lucullus in Roman times. A succession of art-loving Popes employed Bramante and his followers to lay out the Vatican Gardens under the shadow of St. Peter's, and the superb pleasure-house designed by Raphael for Pope Clement VII on the slopes of Monte Mario became the model for countless others of the same type. The Cardinal princes of the next generation, following the supreme Pontiff's example, reared a host of palatial villas in the neighbourhood of Rome. The gardens of Cardinal d'Este's villa at Tivoli and of Cardinal Farnese's palace at Caprarola, Villa Mondragone at Frascati and Villa Lante near Viterbo were on a grander scale than anything that had been known before. Every conceivable device that could charm or surprise the eye and ear was adopted. Temples and loggias, theatres and circuses, winding stairways and tanks of water were placed in sunk gardens or formal parterres; statues of gods and Cæsars, of Tritons and Naiads appeared in every alley, colossal figures of Jupiter and Hercules adorned the fountains; the topiary art dear to the old Romans was once more brought into play; box trees were cut into the most fantastic shapes and



THE VATICAN: THE EAST PORCH AND ST. PETER'S.



THE VATICAN: COURT OF VILLINO MEDICI FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.



VILLA LANTE: THE ISOLOTTO GARDEN.

the glossy velvet of clipped hedges made a fine background for busts of white stone or marble. Countless *jets d'eau* threw up columns of sparkling water which flowed down in refreshing streams into grottoes lined with moss and maiden-hair fern, while at every turn the visitor was met by spouting *grutti* and shepherds, water-organs, girandolas and all those "artificial miracles" which were the delight of Evelyn and fellow travellers. Fancy, indeed, seems to have run riot in

these inventions of a rococo age, but they are handled with undeniable skill, and we look down through long avenues of stately cypress and thick arbours of foliage on the wide expanse of the Campagna at our feet and the distant towers of Rome rising out of the violet haze. These sumptuous pleasure-houses are, indeed, the final and most consummate achievement of Italian garden makers, the last word in the gardening of the Renaissance.



VILLA FARNESE: EAST SIDE OF GARDEN.



VILLA D'ESTE: CASCADE OF THE FOUNTAIN OF THE ORGAN.

PEASANT LIFE IN NORTHERN ITALY

IT is now nearly two years since Italy took her place beside the Allies in the life and death struggle that is holding the world in its grip, and yet the calm and quiet to be met with here in North Italy and close up to the firing-line cannot fail to strike even the most casual observer. You hear the roar of the cannon, some days almost continuously, just over the mountains that divide the "Veneto" from Austria; day by day the hospital train passes along the valley carrying its load of sick and wounded down from the front; day by day motors and Red Cross cars dash along the high road at breakneck speed, giving the impression that matters of life and death hang on the pace at which they can reach their destination; and yet the peasants work on in steady adherence to their tasks barely looking up to notice all this unwonted movement, absorbed more than usual at this moment in the land. This, however, is not from indifference as to the war; far from it, for the subject is one that all alike are keenly interested in, and every family has sent one and often two or more members to fight for their King and country. The readiness and eagerness, too, with which they go would be at once a lesson and a rebuke to those who stumble over that maligned and misrepresented word "conscription," for all are ready and all are keen, while the exploits of their comrades, especially of the "Alpini," who nearly all hail from this part of the country, are quoted with a thrill of pride and admiration. But the Italian peasant also loves the soil on which he and his fathers before him have worked; his heart is in the land, and the success or failure of the crops is to him a matter of well-being or starvation.

In these times, too, the work requires an unwonted degree of attention and labour, for every acre must be fully cultivated. All the men from the age of twenty-one to forty are, with few exceptions, away at the front, and those who remain must make good the deficiency. In this they have, however, willing helpmates in the women. At all times the women work in proportion as hard as their men-folk in the fields, and when to these duties are added those of mothers and housewives it is small wonder that they age before their time, and that a pretty fresh girl of eighteen is an old woman at forty. Their life, though hard in some ways, is on the other hand extremely healthy; their habits are simple and frugal, and they slide into old age with constitutions untouched by sharp vicissitudes of climate—the winters being excessively severe and the summers very hot—interested and busy up to the last in all that relates to

the land, the cattle, and their children. Family life is on patriarchal lines: sons, daughters-in-law and their children (of which there is never any lack) all live with the parents under the same roof; all share the same food—composed chiefly of beans, Indian corn and cheese—and all share one purse, kept, often pretty tightly too, by the "head of the family" (*il capo di famiglia*), who receives any extraneous sums that any of his children may earn on his or her own account, and doles out the money required for clothes, food, or any small expenses that the event of a wedding, a baptism or a funeral may call forth. The food question is, perhaps, the simplest of the lot. The peasant in this part of Italy



AN ITALIAN WATER CARRIER.

Copyright

shares with the owner of the land all that the land produces. He puts into it his labour, he draws from it the half that that labour brings as his portion; and this arrangement of the "mezzadria," or half-and-half system as we might call it, is, if honestly adhered to, fairer and more advantageous to all concerned than any other. By it the peasant has as keen, if not a keener interest than his landlord in the tilling of the soil, in keeping under the weeds, pruning and spraying the vines, hoeing the Indian corn, tending the cattle, and as from all these sources one half goes to him, it concerns him closely to make the profits as abundant as possible. His day's work is generally a long one, especially in the summer when he will be up and about at 4 a.m., but as he can divide his hours entirely to suit his own convenience the hardship is not really a great one. In the hot months he will knock off work for a long spell in the middle of the day and after

a good siesta he will begin again with a leisure that betokens much liberty of action and a total absence of any hint of being "driven." If it be true that "it is the pace that kills," your Italian peasant will certainly not be exposed to that kind of death!

The war, though, has altered all this easy, calm-going state of things. The women, as in France, are

acting in the place of the men, and are doing it, too, in a very thorough and admirable manner. Many of them handle the scythe in masterly fashion; others, when necessary, see to the management of the farm; they pile up the high loads of hay on to the ox-drawn wagons with a will and energy, and when once the difficulty (and it is a serious one just now in Italy) of obtaining wool can be got over they devote their spare moments to knitting socks for the men on the heights. The markets all through the country are the gainers by their industry, as well in picturesque effects as in useful and profitable supplies. Who that has ever been at Verona, in late summer, say, but will recall the scene in the "Piazza delle Erbe," with its sea of wide, white umbrellas pitched all down that lovely market place, with the baskets stacked with apples, white and black grapes, pears, peaches, medlars and quinces, while on every spare inch of ground are piled vegetables, beans, carrots, potatoes, cabbages, cardoons, with any number of pumpkins, huge in size, and in beautiful tones of colour varying from dark green to bronze, orange and yellow?

The sites chosen for these fruit and vegetable markets are, when possible, beside some fountain, or occasionally at the corner of some great palace, as, for instance, at Florence at the Strozzi and Riccardi Palaces, where the wide projecting roofs make a welcome shade for the flowers which are arranged so tastefully upon their cool stones; more often, indeed, a small "piazza" or square is chosen that boasts a supply of water in its midst, around which "the neighbours come and laugh and gossip," relating the success or failure of their bargains, and more often than not indulging in language—often used quite unconsciously—for which their parish priest will reprimand them one of these days from the altar. On

the whole, though, they are what may be called "a good sort" these peasants of North Italy, responsive to kindness, and very ready to make friends. Should you display interest in their or, still more, in their children's health, and succeed by some simple remedy in curing any childish malady, you will have won the mother's heart, and will probably be rewarded by a gift of two or more eggs, brought surreptitiously



IN THE ITALIAN TYROL.



J. Shaw.

A MARKET PLACE.

Copyright.

out of a voluminous pocket and given with such genuine gratitude and pleasure as to evoke the like sentiments on your side. I have even known of a couple of chickens being brought as a thank-offering for the cure of a badly scalded leg, and any refusal to accept so wholly unmerited a recompense would only have caused deep mortification on the part of the giver.

A. J. W.

PACE D' ULIVI

BY AN ITALIAN EXILE.

PEACE among the olive trees, that unutterable and perfect sense of solitude and calm of the soul and the senses which is to be found, for us, only in some radiant oasis of our most cherished memories! War is raging around us. We cannot in any way get rid of this ever-present spectre. Where, then, shall we escape, if not with our mortal feet, at least in imagination?

Far, far away, across the Channel, across the plains and the mountains, there lies a spot well known to the innermost delights of our hearts. There we lead our imagination, not in order to seek the truculent peace of our Germanophile pacifists, but to adorn our soul with a garland of beautiful images and memories. Spring, as in Botticelli's Florentine picture, is blossoming under the tender feet of the dancing Graces.



The hills are peaceful and holy under the flame of the sun. Anemones grow here and there under the lapis-lazuli sky. The olive trees, interspersed with some slender cypress, quietly climb the hills. Queer shapes of petrified animals gaze in the grove. The light penetrates through the bluish and pale green branches as through the thin veil of the Muses themselves. The whole aspect of the world has a new grace. A flock of sheep passes quietly over the new grass. Silence. A grasshopper suddenly chirps in the warm atmosphere of noon on the highest blade. Another then answers its shrill note. Silence. The sheep pass down the Tuscan hill wrapped in the blue veil of spring. Five grasshoppers then start their chorus. Other tens, other hundreds, join together in the praise of the holy silence.

It is spring. It is Peace, the goddess of our most sacred dreams, but not the German sister of the German Victory. Its shrine is mysteriously surrounded by olive trees on a distant—and still so near—top of a harmonious hill in Tuscany.

COUNTRY LIFE

VOICES



OF ITALY

The War : Politics : Literature : Art & Science

ITALY'S AIMS IN THE WAR

[The Entente Powers, as a whole, are fighting for the purpose of subduing militarism and obtaining for every European State, large or small, freedom of development on its own lines. But each particular Power has objects peculiar to itself. For instance, France claims the restitution of Alsace and Lorraine; Great Britain that of Belgium and reparation for the losses inflicted. The aims of Italy are set forth in the ensuing article, which, although it is unsigned, comes, we can assure our readers, from an authoritative source. This is all the more necessary inasmuch as a great deal has been written on the subject by people who are either unacquainted with the facts of the case, or partisans. Ed.]

THE Triple Alliance, as everyone is well aware, was essentially defensive in character. Two reasons induced Italy to enter into an Alliance with the Central Empires and to remain faithful to it for over thirty years in the face of many and various difficulties and dangers. The first and principal one was to maintain "the balance of power" in Europe which had been disturbed and modified by the new grouping of the Great Powers which took place after the Congress of Berlin. The second, a natural corollary of the first, was to avoid, in the interests of Europe and of herself, a new armed conflict with Austria.

There have been in Italy not a few who, in the past quarter of a century, had hoped that it might be possible to live on friendly terms with Austria, and to obtain from her by pacific means the liberation of the Italian provinces still subject to her. The ever more irreconcilable character of the policy followed by the Government at Vienna in respect of Italy and of the Italians in the Monarchy caused these hopes slowly to vanish. The "grido di dolore" (cry of anguish) which Victor Emanuel II had heard "rise from every part of Italy" in 1859 had never really ceased, though the apparent indifference of Italian officialdom towards it had contrived somewhat to deaden it. It must here be said that the Italian Government has ever remained scrupulously faithful to the spirit and to the letter of the Alliance. The aggressive attitude and the behaviour of the Central European Powers in the matter of Serbia, which led to the outbreak of the present war, were in themselves contrary to the explicit terms of the Alliance. Not only did Austria hand in the Serbian ultimatum without informing Italy of this *démarche*, but she completely disregarded that country's advice and warning. Thus Italy, for the reasons which have been stated, declared her neutrality in a note which affords the best instance of clear, honest and straightforward policy.

When the moment for action came, however, King Victor Emanuel III, like his great ancestor, could not and would not remain insensible to it, and, following his example, set himself at the head of his troops in what has justly been called Italy's last War of Independence.

This, one may say, is the "historical" reason for Italy's intervention, such as has been fully set forth in the official "Green Book." But this alone would not have sufficed. The Italy of 1914, unlike the Piedmont of 1859, was not awaiting "an occasion" for going to war. The best proof of this is that she was unprepared for it.

The aggressive nature of the war provoked by the Central Empires, the barbarous conduct of their armies, and the violation of every international law and usage aroused the deepest indignation throughout the country which, from the beginning, refused to be an accomplice to such acts, and, later, decided to intervene on the side of

the Entente to punish the perpetrators of them. It may not, in this connection, be useless to remember that one of the decisive factors in the arousal of public spirit in Italy was the *Lusitania* outrage, which provoked a storm of passionate indignation against Germany. That this should be so, anyone who knows the Italians, even superficially, will understand. A kind-hearted, persevering, honest and willing people, they are intolerant of any act of violence, cruelty or arrogance. The period of over fifty years, during which, without any regular troops and almost without arms, they succeeded in beating and expelling from their country by sheer force of courage and daring some of the best armies of that time, served to teach them the lesson of self-control, of tolerance and of justice. The memory of those sacrifices which, without distinction of class or rank, were made to ensure the freedom of their country has endowed the Italians with a passionate love of liberty, and has contributed in a large measure to Italian intervention.

The present war has awakened in an extraordinary degree the high-minded spirit of Cavour and Mazzini. As in the period from 1821 to 1871, so now, too, Italy is fighting to defend those ideal principles which led to her unification and which were evoked by King Victor Emanuel III in his manifesto to his army when he assumed command of it in May, 1915: To plant the tricolour on the sacred boundaries which Nature has assigned to Italy, and to accomplish the work begun by Victor Emanuel II.

To state clearly and briefly the aims which Italy has set before herself in this war it may be useful to group them under three headings:

1. To unite once again to the Mother Country all those provinces which, by historic tradition and by population, belong to Italy, while being under Austrian rule.

During the past fifty years Austria, notwithstanding the fact that she was an ally of Italy, has used every weapon in her power to suppress the Italian character of Italy's unredeemed provinces. She not only placed every obstacle in the way of Italian development, but deliberately oppressed and persecuted the Italians, encouraging the populations of other nationalities to take their place in commerce, in politics, and in local administration. She went so far indeed as to tamper with the statistics, to suppress the Italian language and the Italian schools, and to alter the names of places and streets. Notwithstanding all this, and though, as it must inevitably occur in such cases, the population is mixed, the Italian character and culture have continued to predominate.

2. To obtain a frontier line which, without giving Italy any undue influence over valleys not belonging to her, should be such as to ensure her safety against any future aggression.

The high chain of mountains which form Italy's northern geographical boundaries constitutes a natural dividing line between the races, and is, therefore, best adapted to mark her political frontier on this side.

The geographical configuration of the Adriatic coast-lines is such that the eastern shores of the Adriatic dominate the western, so that the numerous coast towns on the Italian side cannot be protected from an attack by sea, as, in point of fact, the present war has more than once proved. It is indispensable, therefore, that the Italian Fleet should have in this sea the naval bases necessary to guarantee in an adequate manner her future security, and to prevent any other strong fleet becoming a menace to her in the Adriatic.

3. To guarantee the interests and to protect the large number of Italians living and trafficking abroad.

The impossibility of obtaining from Turkey any respect for the rights acquired by Italians in her territory obliged Italy to declare war against her in 1911. It is necessary, therefore, to ensure once and for all Italy's commercial and economic freedom, and to safeguard Italian rights abroad, more especially in those provinces of the Near East where Italian interests are widely spread.

These, summarily, are the three main aspects of Italy's immediate and personal aims in the war. Nor is it necessary to insist upon what has repeatedly been affirmed and proved by Italian politicians and by the Italian people, namely, Italy's wholehearted support of the joint demands for "reparation

and restitution" for those countries which have been invaded and occupied by the Central Empires and their Allies.

We have not, so far, sufficient data in the light of which to examine, one by one and in detail, each of the provisions enacted, or which it may be necessary to enact to attain these aims. The members of the Allied Governments, however, have already discussed, studied and agreed upon them, and upon their future programme, as may clearly be seen from the following admirably lucid statement made at the Mansion House last November by Lord Robert Cecil, in the name of the British Government: "We recognise and we are aware of all those national objects which the Italian people have in view. We have had opportunities of ascertaining from authoritative sources exactly what these objects are. It is our purpose, if we can, to secure those objects to the Italians, and it is one of the main purposes of the Alliance to do so, and they need not be afraid that Great Britain will go back from her word in that respect."

The Italian nation has the most complete confidence in the triumph of the sacred cause for which it is fighting side by side with the Allies. Italy has always considered Great Britain a staunch and proved friend, and looks confidently towards the future when the friendship which has already been strengthened through comradeship in arms may become still closer and more intimate, reviving the ancient glorious traditions of the days of Queen Elizabeth.

THE ITALIAN SOLDIER: A CHARACTER SKETCH

By DR. JAMES MURPHY.

ONE afternoon last summer I wandered into a military hospital on the outskirts of Udine, the Italian frontier city which lies at the foot of the Julian Alps within sight and sound of the battle line on the upper Isonzo. The building had originally served as a cavalry barracks, but the stables had been remodelled into kitchens and offices and operating theatres and store-rooms for medical supplies. The dormitories had been fitted as hospital wards, affording accommodation for 3,000 soldiers, in spacious halls where the light streamed in through vast sheets of glass.

Here were the wounded heroes of the Third Army, the Army of the Isonzo. They were surgical cases, the majority of which consisted of wounds in the head and chest. I was welcomed by the senior surgeon and conducted by him on a tour of inspection. He was very proud of the records in the X-ray photographic room. We saw photographs of fractured limbs, so broken and shattered that one could not imagine the possibility of recovery by natural means; but other photographs arranged in series told the story of how nature had marvellously asserted itself, casting off the severed chips and supplying new fibre from the sap of life within. It was more interesting and instructive than to watch through a microscope the growth of plant or leaf. "I have personally treated over two thousand cases of fractured limbs and have had only three amputations," said the surgeon.

And I said to him: "But when you diagnose such serious breakages are you not afraid to let nature take its course? Are you not afraid of gangrene or blood poisoning?"

"One can always trust Nature," he replied, "when she has to deal with her own children. Ah, *signore*, our soldiers are Nature's children. The majority of them have lived in the open air, working hard and not eating or drinking to excess, nor straining their resources in the struggle for life which goes on in commercial centres. Their blood is pure, their nerves are sound, their health of body is so well founded that it can resist terrible inroads."

He brought me through the wards and introduced me to several of his patients, patting them on the head and addressing them by the Christian name, like our old family doctor used to do when we were children. Then he left me to wander by myself and chat with the men.

It was a vision of sovereign youth. Those heads thrown back on the pillow, or bent over book or letter, might have served as models for Michael Angelo or Donatello. Some of the white-clad nurses were young and comely maidens, with a regularity of feature and dignity of bearing that spoke of ancient blood; but among them were many elderly peasant women who wore no uniform but the black silk bodice and skirt of the Venetian mother. Many of these faces had that lustrous deep brown of well seasoned meerschaum; and as one looked into their dark eyes one felt as if the mystery of motherhood were revealing itself there in the infinite depths of that serene light. Sometimes the head of a young soldier was encircled by the silken arm and rested against the bosom while he was being fed from the bowl of milk or soup. It called to mind those great strong pictures of the Madonna and Child which Giotto painted. "Here is the soldier of Italy," I said to myself, "and here is the symbol of his cause—the Mother and Child."

As a wanderer on the Italian front and in the hospitals throughout the country I have come to know the Italian soldier

on the battlefield and in the ward. In many respects he is unlike the other soldiers of the Alliance, and that is due not merely to his character, but also to the circumstances that controlled Italy's entrance into the war. It must always be remembered that the Italians came in of their own accord. They were not taken by surprise, and therefore they had time for that mental preparation which should determine and fix the psychology of the nation in arms. Throughout the period of neutrality public consciousness developed along well defined lines. The people cried out for war against the Teuton, and Parliament gave formal expression of the cry.

Therefore when the soldier came to the war he was very conscious of his place in the general scheme of things. The ideals for which his fathers lived and died had been attacked by the Teuton. The massacre of Rheims was but a symbol of the destruction which Germany would wreak on the head of that civilisation of which Rheims is the outer expression. But that civilisation is enthroned in the soul of the western races, and it was Italy which first established it there. Germany would destroy it, to build the temple of her own *kultur* on its ruins. The Italian swore that he would thwart her aims. He owed it as a duty to his forefathers and to his children's children. Therefore he came to the war as a crusader setting out for the redemption of the Holy Places. The unredeemed territory lay at his door. Under the heel of the stranger it was a symbol of the civilisation which the German jackboot threatened to stamp out in Europe.

This gave an apostolic character to his campaign, and you will find manifestations of that character all along the battle front from the Stelvio to the sea. The common soldier expresses it best in his letters to home and friends. A young peasant soldier writing to his sister says: "I shall do my duty to the full; and as we advance in the territory of the enemy I promise you and I swear to you, my dear sister, that I shall look with disrespect on no woman or child. I shall not play the German. In the eyes of each child I shall see the faces of my little brothers and sisters. In the face of every woman I shall see the sacred image of the mother whom I adore." This is the language of a soldier who is also an apostle, the man who believes that in fighting for an ideal cause the first duty of the warrior is to live up to that ideal in his own life and conduct.

For the Italian soldier *La Patria* is crystallised in his own home. The nation is a cosmos of which the home is a microcosm, the one ideal enshrines the other. Therefore the fact that he offers his life for "*La Patria*" means for him the offering of his life for mother and father, wife, sister and brother. This accounts for the intense and almost rapturous love for home which expresses itself in the *soldatino's* letters from the front: "My adored Mother," writes a young Lombardian, "I am thinking of you and I am thinking of my little room at home where the shrine of the Madonna stands in the corner. Place flowers at her feet for me; she is the protectress of our home. If I return safely I shall kneel at that shrine and thank our loving God that He gave me the strength to defend my home. If I should fall, place my medal at the feet of our Madonna as a memorial of him who died on the Carso that her shrine might remain unprofaned within our house."

This is not the language of a religious enthusiast; it is the ordinary language of a common soldier. And do not think that the tender thread of sentiment which runs through his

being makes him a less hardy warrior than the mail-fisted Teuton. On the contrary, it nerves his arm and gives him a greater staying power than the soldier who has no idealism to support his cause. This is specially true of the mountain warrior. During those lonely vigils on the Alps, amid the tempest of hail and snow, the roaring avalanche and biting north wind, the soul of the soldier grows stronger and greater because he realises that the mountain is the threshold of his home. He seldom grows weary or complains. He has no thought of returning home until the work of war is over and Italy is saved. How often have I looked into the faces of these Alpine warriors and silently worshipped that strength of soul of which they are the expression. One sees them drafted to the front, young recruits to be trained on the mountain, oftentimes men from Sicily and Calabria who have never seen a flake of snow. Within three months they are transformed. The mountain has breathed its spirit into them. They seem to have grown taller, for they carry the head high and the eyes look outward and onward as if peering through the distance at some far-away object. Their step is lithe and long, like that of the mountain deer. To see them anywhere, amid any crowd, you would know that they were children of the heights. And though their struggle is picturesque and dramatic, there are seasons of the year when it assumes an element of tragic terror unequalled by any other section of the European battle front. The Alpine soldier never rests. In summer he is engaged fighting his human foe, in winter he struggles against the cold, the snowdrifts and the treachery of the glaciers on which he marches. But in spring nature launches her great offensive, more terrible than any artillery or massed troops of the Teuton. The lower layers of snow begin to melt, rivers form beneath the mountains that have fallen out of heaven. With a heavy thunderous roar the avalanche moves, burying trenches and barracks and lines of communication in its path. During the spring I used to watch these men set out for the mountain top. As they passed the sentinel post of the territorial guards on the shoulder of the hill and set out on the last stretches of the trail, we said *au revoir*; but a lump half choked the words in the throat, for we felt that many of these men would never return. An average of twenty-five positions was being cut off by the avalanches every day. That meant that the men must remain without communication lines until a tunnel, sometimes over half a mile in length, could be bored through the fallen mountain of snow. Yet these men did not complain. To go forth against your enemy of flesh and blood needs only a courage equal to his, but to go forth to fight nature calls for heroism of the highest rank. There are no soldiers in Europe to rival these Alpini. They are grand fellows, without boast or bravado, singing no songs of victory or making any pretence that their task is light, nor singing songs of wine and love. Chanting the sublime cantos of Dante or Carducci, which come to their lips as readily as the music-hall ditties break from the throats of our own Tommies, these men remind one of the heroes in ancient Greek tragedy.

There is a sacrificial aspect in their mien. They are the white lambs ready to be immolated on the altar of the Alps that Italy may be redeemed. And, indeed, now that I have touched upon it, that spirit of sacrifice is the keynote to the character of

the Italian soldier. The idea of it is so embedded in the mind of the race, ever since the days of ancient Rome, that Italians look upon the soldier who has fallen as a gain to his country. As the blood of the martyrs was the seed of Christianity, they believe that every great ideal—and especially the ideal of patriotism—is enriched and strengthened by the outpouring of blood. "We are all vying with one another to be first in the advance," writes a young officer to his father, "so that we may show how men can still die for a sacred ideal." "For the glory of our fatherland," writes a young Bersagliere to his parents, "lives must be freely and bountifully given. I shall know how to make an offering of mine. I shall give it wholeheartedly, though there are little ones at home who need me for their breadwinner." "Mamma mia adorata," writes another, "be calm and resigned. If I return safely it will be a tenfold joy to you; if I fall, you must be thankful that you have borne a son who was thought worthy to be offered in sacrifice for so sacred a cause."

This idea does not find its exact counterpart in the psychology of any other nation. The French soldier does not like the thought of death, though he rushes forward in a frenzy of devotion to *La Patrie* and dies bravely on her bosom. The British Tommy takes his fall as part of the game; it is a loss to his comrades, as the maimed footballer is a loss to his side. But for the Italian soldier death is the crowning glory of his sacrifice. His fall is not a loss but a gain, for his memory lives as a vital force in the nation. A few months ago, when the question of peace was so much in the air, an Italian officer said to me: "I do not think it would be well for us to gain Trieste by the terms of a peace treaty. Let us take it by the sword. We shall make the Carso an altar of sacrifice, before which our people will kneel and offer up thanks as they pass to and fro between Venice and Trieste."

This internal resignation, this absence of the fear of death, is a valuable military asset; for it allows the soldier to go into the fray as he would go about any serious business of life, his mind entirely intent on his work, his nerves steady, the whole strength of his body and soul braced to the performance of the one task. Perhaps that is why he is such a skilful soldier, able to make several adaptations in his plans during the course of a combat. For instance, if his bayonet or rifle be broken, or if it be wrenched from him in a hand-to-hand struggle, the Italian soldier will not throw up his hands and surrender. He fights with his fists and with his feet, he rushes to some spot where he can find stones which he may hurl at the foe.

I have not space to speak of the lighter side of his character, and perhaps it is as well; for the Italian soldier never wants to make it appear to himself or others that war is not a serious and solemn task. He is a serious man, serious about his business and intent on it, as is the engineer who holds the throttle of an express engine rushing through the darkness of the night. He sings and plays his mandolin during his hours off in camp or in the rear lines; but the Austrians have learned to their sorrow that he can play other instruments better than the Teuton: the howitzer that hacks mountains to pieces, and the shining bayonet that opens its way through the barrier that had been set between him and his kith and kin who call to him for redemption.

THE PRAYER ON THE BAYONETS

BY GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

[As a specimen of the prose written by Italy's national poet and an index of the general spirit of Italian literature during the war, we take the liberty of quoting this vivid and arresting extract from d'Annunzio's new book, "*La Leda Senza Cigno*," Vol. III.]

YESTERDAY my General sent me a plant of thorny laurel which had been plucked from the side of the blood-streaming Podgora and transplanted into a jar of red earthenware. He also sent me a message to say that to-morrow our military preacher will address the Caltanissetta Brigade, which is encamped at Versa.

I set out for Versa. The October morning is clear and radiant as if tempered and polished like a new weapon. The roads have dried up and are becoming dusty. There are long files of soldiers and mules and supply wagons. My grey machine, swift and throbbing like a small torpedo boat, pushes her nose in among the battalions who open a way to let her pass. It is a movement to which they are entirely unaccustomed. One feels that there is something in the air, the preparation of some mighty purpose. Already one scents the odour of blood, like the vapour which ascends from the fermenting grapes in the wine-press.

I arrive on the field and look immediately for the altar. It stands amid the withering poplars, draped with the blankets of brown wool which usually enshroud the sleep of the combatants in the trenches. Some of the pieces are so old that holes are visible and the sun shines through.

The soldiers are arranged in two columns, with rifles in hand and bayonets fixed. They have an aspect of power

which conceals for the moment the explosive force of the attack. They belong to the Sicilian Brigade, the Brigade of Bronze. Some of the men are as swarthy as the Saracens of the Emperor Frederick. The commander gives his orders in a hard, metallic voice. He appears to be an Abyssinian or Libyan veteran. He has left his riding whip hanging from the pommel of the saddle.

The Duke arrives, grave of countenance and somewhat self-centred, but simple and unostentatious.

Mass commences. The celebrant is a sturdy specimen of manhood, strong and sinewy as a ploughman. As he pronounces the sacred syllables the red lips protrude beyond the fringes of the brown beard.

The commander shouts, "On your knees." The soldiers kneel, using the rifle as a support. As the prayer in the great cathedrals is borne aloft by the spires and turrets, here it is held up and offered on the points of the bayonets. It is a sharp and piercing prayer. Faces are bent towards the earth, faces of beardless youth and matured manhood, some beautiful as the most beautiful exemplars of Greece and Latium. Some mouths are sensuous, some are sad. Some have a fair and others a ruddy down on the drawn cheeks and bony chins. In some the outline of the skull shows through the skin; and one thinks of the whole skeleton within the body, which is attendant on the flesh and imitates

its every act. These heads are already touched by the hand of death, marked by the great untiring Destroyer. A mass of flesh for the slaughter, a mass of flesh already slaughtered and well prepared as an offering.

On Monte San Michele the cannons thunder. An enemy aeroplane appears beneath the roof of heaven, encircled by little clouds of shrapnel. Nearly everybody turns his eyes upwards to the torn sky. Countenances grow pale, but it is not the pallor of fear. A savage smile passes over them.

The Sacrifice of the Mass is suspended so that the chaplain may speak. He mounts an improvised platform which stands higher than the woollen-clothed altar. With an eloquence that knows no halt he speaks of courage. Courage listens, armed and silent.

There is a supernal purity in the sky, now curved above the Alps, which are already white with the first snows. A languid atmosphere, burdened with the weight of the ascending prayer, hovers above the bare and pointed bayonets. The dying foliage of the poplars trembles continuously, gold within gold. The Carso is there below, a labyrinth of trenches and wire barricades, as I have seen it from the air. It is certain that that warm river which forms beneath the mountain will be swelled by to-morrow's tide of blood.

No longer do I hear the words of the preacher, whose mouth is now foaming. I hear the chant of the earth; I hear the ceaseless throbbing of the hearts which pump the blood of sacrifice; I hear the silence which is hidden in the womb of the earth, and the silence which is suspended there above in the azure sky.

It is a momentous hour, the most momentous that has dawned since we passed the frontier and planted our banner in redeemed soil. I know that to-morrow at midday the assault will be launched. Then will commence that tremendous symphony, more vast and awe-inspiring than that of July.

The faces of the soldiers seem transfigured, as if they were already lying dead on the field. My soul bends over them. Heaven is aflame with love. I imagine myself lying beside them, my face pressed close to theirs, partaking of the same beauty. Someone recognises me, bends over me and closes my eyes. The tide of life is ebbing from me, downwards over my face from beneath my skull. Two stretcher-bearers come and place my body on the litter. . . .

The Padre has concluded his discourse. The Sacrifice of the Mass is resumed. The celebrant speaks in a low

whisper, so that one can follow only the motion of his lips; but each one hears the solemn words in his heart.

"Be ye doers of the Word, not hearers only," is the sentence written on the pulpit of Grado, in the Basilica of the Patriarchs.

I see the nails glisten in the heavy boots of the priest as he kneels before the altar. They glisten in the mud, in the soft earth, amid the blades of grass and dead foliage.

The soldiers kneel once again. Their heads are bowed beneath the forest of shining bayonets. Amid the withering trees one hears a subdued cawing of the rooks. The Duke is motionless, thoughtful, with that pale countenance furrowed by a seriousness of mind which appears to be inherited from his long lineage of saints and soldiers. The red wine glitters in the cruet on the credence table and throws a reflected light on the right shoulder of Emmanuel Filiberto (Duke of Aosta), marking the rough cloth of the great coat which envelops him like a monk's habit without the girdle.

"Tenuisti manum dexteram meam, et in voluntate tua deduxisti me."

A tall young captain, lithe and sunburnt, bends towards me and says in a low voice, "Excuse me, lieutenant." Then he puts his hand on my collar and plucks away a wasp that was about to sting me. He holds it alive between his finger and thumb and laughs as he shows it to me. I laugh too, for I recall to mind the wasp that was buzzing on the balcony of my mother's home that stung me on the wrist when I was saying good-bye on my departure for the front. The wound of the poet—*Vulnus hyblæum*.

The croaking of the ravens on the golden-hued trees accompanies the Mass of blood. *Ite missa est*. The Sacrifice is completed. The soldiers stand up and wipe the mud from their knees. They present arms, while the Duke and his Staff take up a position where he awaits the troops who pass in review before him, the Vicar of Glory.

The sun mounts upwards. The shadows on the grass grow shorter. Under the glare of the sun the human bodies seem evanescent and transparent. That mass of mortal flesh moves over the grass as lightly as the passing of clouds. The measured step resounds like a muffled tread; but it appears as if from the knee upwards the men are enwrapped in silence, a silence as far removed from the ordinary things of earth as that which broods there above the Alps already white with the first snows.

ITALIAN LIFE AND LITERATURE DURING THE WAR

By "C. A."

ITALY, the nation of perpetual carnival, "La Nazione Carnevale," the romantic garden of Europe when she was not the garden of the Empire, the "Giardin dell' Imperio," coveted throughout the centuries with eager eyes, from beyond her northern Alps, by the barbaric descendants of fair Arminius, since long ago has changed her legendary national physiognomy. The "country of the dead," to quote Lamartine's famous and insolent apostrophe, has patiently become, through a long chain of sufferings and sacrifices, the country where life's triumph is daily celebrated by the unanimous will and hard struggle of the people towards the more complete unity and both political and economic independence of the nation. The life of the country, moreover, daily shows its growing and exuberant qualities and energies, not merely through the amazingly rapid late development of the industries, through the perfect organisation of the war and the astonishingly high output of munitions (more than 2,500 factories are unceasingly working for this purpose), but through the ever increasing prolificacy of its people. There are now more than 38,000,000 of Italians in Italy, and more than another 9,000,000 are asserting abroad the wonderful powers of expansion, tenacity, sobriety and thrift of the Italian race.

Through these 47,000,000 of Italians Italy has become, numerically at least, the first among the Latin nations. As soon as her children, instead of having to emigrate to far and not always friendly countries, in order to earn their living, shall be able to concentrate their fine working qualities in the ancient and new colonies that the mother country will have acquired, it is to be hoped, through the actual war, the economic conditions of Italy are bound instantly to change.

When one considers what Italy was and what she now is; when one remembers the hard times of her early financial budgets—£20,000,000 deficit in 1870, the year of her political reconstitution,

and nearly £30,000,000 deficit five years later—one is naturally amazed by the actual prosperity of the country. The present unfavourable conditions of the exchange are temporary only, and the logical consequence of the necessary suspension or limitation of nearly all her exports.

The actual financial prosperity of the country, which, in the years immediately preceding 1914, had brought up her exchange over par, has been slowly and patiently acquired by the hard and tenacious working modern Italians, who, through their long struggle for the revival of an independent national existence, have not only conquered themselves, but have gained a keen experience of the qualities and the faults of the other more prosperous and more powerful nations. This sharp and intense sense of the historical reality which surrounds them has been taken too easily as a pretext sometimes for stamping Italian political shrewdness and sagacity with ignominy, comparing it to the Prussian "Real Politik." The Austrian or Austrophile critics of this genuine Italian attitude towards the actual European, and more especially Balkan politics, have evidently neglected the fact that Prussia and Germany, as clearly shown by the present war, have proved to be the blindest and least "realistic" nations among the European Powers. It is most especially due to the lack of a psychological intuition and of an exact sense of reality that the Germans have dared to throw Europe into such an eminently perilous and sinister adventure as the present war.

Future political events are destined to reopen many closed or blind eyes even in this country, where the sense of political proportion and reality more than once has been contemptuously neglected in the judgment of actual historical happenings. The keen political insight of "realistic" Italians has already brought some benefits to the common or single policy of the Allies. This deep sense of the real truth of the "realta delle

cose," which is easy to be traced even among the most ethereal lines of Dante, not to speak of the subtle pages of Machiavelli, of Manzoni, of Foscolo, of Mazzini and of Carducci, is, perhaps, the highest quality of Italian art throughout the centuries. Nothing could be imagined more "realistic" than the sublime and precise genius of a Michael Angelo and of a Leonardo.

"Dall' umano al divino" (from reality to idealism): this is the secret of the Italian character, this is the procedure of Italian thought and action in the past and in the present. Modern Italy has inherited the secret of it directly from her mother Rome. As in the history of humanity, it is chiefly the secret of Rome. It is due to this very characteristic mentality of the whole nation if literature itself has proved—as the most important mirror, perhaps, of the daily life of the people—to have been invaded and animated by the fervour and by the silence of the great hour which the nation is living.

Italy's intervention in the war has been the result of highly developed and strained energies, both idealistic and realistic. No other nation could have adapted itself better than Italy to the condition of a neutral. The deeply rooted historical instinct of the people of the Peninsula, however, could not adapt itself to a passive policy of expectation and resignation. And just as Italy's first declaration of neutrality, notified to the Powers on August 3rd, 1914, on the eve of England's declaration of war to Germany, might have determined the immediate invasion of the unprepared and practically unarmed country by General Conrad von Hotzendorf's well trained and instinctively hostile armies, her spontaneous intervention in the war when the latter seemed to go against any probability of the Allies' victory might have irretrievably destroyed all the wonderful work accomplished by a century of national self-denials and sacrifices. This terrible risk, calmly accepted on two different occasions by Italians, does not seem to dispose of and contradict for ever the unfounded and unjust abuses of some too rash ideologists who have vainly tried to spread suspicion against that country, which, being the natural Ally both of England and of France, is instinctively liberal in its tendencies, as well as deeply "realistic" and ever pursuing some idealistic aim of freedom and justice? These very elements of risk—the "belt of heroes," as d'Annunzio has often defined it—of calm observation of the historical facts and events and of lofty idealism are the characteristics of the most recent Italian literature.

There was a time, not long ago, when Giosue Carducci bitterly complained of the fact that every Italian in his youth should have been the author of at least a sonnet. Things have considerably changed since then. The people have ceased to write sonnets: they are building motors and machine guns and digging trenches. The Austrians, in the early days of the war, made fun of the Italians, defining them as "mandolinisti" (players of mandolins). Those "mandolinisti," silent and grave in their heroic attacks, cheerful and happy always in their dug-outs, have shown the Austrians more than once already of what metal their "musical instruments" are made.

As soon as the first gun began to thunder beyond Cervignano and the Austrian frontier on the morning of May 24th, two years ago, the whole nation wrapped itself solemnly in an atmosphere of silence. There was no more time for frivolous literature, for facile rhymes, for new æsthetical or philosophical credos. Marinetti and his followers buried their Futurist theories under an oak at the frontier—"mavortia quercus"—and became soldiers. The finest intellects of the nation for many months during the long eve of passion ("vigilia di passione") had given up literature for politics. Italy's determination for war was, perhaps, the result of that fervent and obstinate political work spread by newspapers and magazines. German money and German agents were helpless against that ardent political preparation and education of Italians.

On May 5th Gabriele d'Annunzio, the greatest and most famous, perhaps, of modern lyrical poets, pronounced the "Orazio ne per la Sagra dei Mille" at the foot of the new Garibaldi monument, which was unveiled on the historic "Scoglio di Quarto," whence Garibaldi had started for his legendary Sicilian expedition of the "Mille." "Oggi sta su la patria," he said, "un giorno di porpora; e questo è un ritorno per una nova dipartita, o gente d'Italia." His words were the flame of the torchbearer, of the "poeta destinato da Dio." The very soul of the nation became suddenly ablaze. No adverse event of any kind, not even the crushing defeat of the Russians which was taking place on those critical days, could have restrained the amazing impetus of the national soul. "Itala gente da le molte vite!" seemed to repeat from the snowy inaccessible tops of the Alps the inspiring voice of the national poet of the former

generation, Giosue Carducci, the spiritual father and educator of d'Annunzio, the psychagog even of the younger Italians. Every street in the beautiful towns all along the Apennines and the two coasts was full of an expectant crowd. Every crowd formed a procession, moving, in an atmosphere of songs and flowers, as towards the sacred shrine of the god of the country. "Ogni via, dove tanta forza e tanta dignità passavano, era una Via Sacra. E voi accompagnavate, eretta sul carro invisibile, la statua ideale della nostra gran Madre," said d'Annunzio, speaking from the Roman Capitol, not far from where once upon a time stood the Temple of Jupiter Maximus. Never, during even the most glorious days of the first Risorgimento, have the Italian people thrilled more enthusiastically than then. The tradition of glory seemed never to have been interrupted. The great ghosts of Cavour, of Garibaldi, of Mazzini, were once again the present leaders of the united nation. The King, who worthily bears the name of his famous grandfather, declared war on Austria, voicing the unanimous will of his people, and started himself for the reconquered frontier—soldier among his soldiers—where he has remained throughout the war.

I have just said that the Italian writers, the cleverest more especially, have been silent, as inflamed by the same religion of their country during the great struggle which is taking place beyond the frontier. One voice was heard, however, from time to time, the animating voice of Gabriele d'Annunzio, the representative poet of the nation. Since the early youth of this Abruttian poet Italy has been the muse and the supreme idol always present in his poems. The passion for the free life along the blue Adriatic has an insistent echo in all his later work. He was no more than a youth when he devoted some very striking pages to the newly reborn Italian navy. Lissa—the fatal island, which lies near the opposite shore—in whose waters the fleet of the Austrian Admiral Tegetthof had beaten (1866) Persano's fleet, shone like a red unrevenged spot in that sea to the memory of the Italians. The change of the dominion of the Adriatic was due to that defeat. Italy could not live free any more without being able to be the mistress of that sea, which is like a lung to her independent breathing. The poet expressed, therefore, in his "Odi Navali" the barely repressed immortal longing of his country towards the dominion of her sea.

Italia, Italia!
Sacra a la nuova aurora,
Con l'aratro e la prora!

—a political and an economical programme in the fine lines: Italy's future, entrusted to the plough, as at the time of Virgil, and to the ships, through which so much of the ancient maritime republic's glory has descended to the country.

As soon as war broke out the poet became a soldier, and has only interrupted his military occupations by writing some few powerful war poems and a novel, "La Leda senza cigno," recently published, in whose second and third volumes the most beautiful daily comments ever written about the actual war are to be found. A series of forcible and vivid episodes, expressed in a gorgeous and exquisite style, give the full measure of d'Annunzio's art, both as a poet and as a prose writer. Never before has he, perhaps, shown subtler qualities of intuition and observation than in his last work. Every phrase—and this might be regarded as a fault also—has a unique beauty in itself, and it gives you the idea of a branch overburdened with luscious fruits among whose scanty foliage there are at the same time myriads of flowers. The delicate colours of the spring and of the dawn mingle in it with the magnificent hue of the autumn and of a Venetian sunset.

This last style of d'Annunzio is like the quintessence of all his extraordinary qualities, as if the poet had intensified and concentrated all his energies in a supreme effort devoted to his country. Notwithstanding his having lost an eye in the war, all his visual power has been multiplied in the remaining eye. Each line and each word are impregnated with a flame—flaming love and faith towards his country. In each of them the common aspirations of all Italians are worthily expressed. In the same way as in Luigi Cadorna, the generalissimo of the army, every single soldier is fighting and dying and winning.

Egli è la terra ed è l'assalitore.
E la forza degli nomi respira
In lui, palpita in lui, freme e si adira,
Giubila e canta in lui, combatte e muore.

This strophe, taken from d'Annunzio's recent poem celebrating the silent virtues of the generalissimo, might define also the feelings of to-day's Italians towards his own fervent representative art.

ITALIA



IRREDENTA

THE unexampled development of Germany during the last fifty years, the growth of her industries and wealth, the evolution of a military power the exact purpose and extent of which were unknown until the actual test of war, these were the factors which caused the statesmen of the great European Powers many doubts and perplexities. France had already suffered severely at the hands of Germany; England felt, perhaps, rather than realised the threat to her maritime supremacy; and Russia had allied herself to France in face of a common danger. Germany thus holding the middle of the stage, the attention of the Governments and people of other nations was distracted from Italy, and they did not realise the true state of affairs in the south. Thus alone can be explained some of the misunderstandings which arose when the Italian Government and people proclaimed once more their rights to the provinces known as "Italia Irredenta." The action of Crispi and his successor in acceding to the Alliance with the Germanic Powers helped to create the wrong impression that the fate of these provinces and their inhabitants had ceased to interest Italians. As a matter of fact, the Triple Alliance was never entered into by Italy by reason of sympathy or common aims; it was expediency alone which made Crispi throw in his lot—for the purposes of peace—with Germany and Austria. Of the two evils—complete isolation and a triangular pact in which Austria was a partner—Crispi chose the latter as being the lesser of the two, and more likely to secure to the country the peaceful development of commerce and industry. The hostility between Italy and Austria, although little known and appreciated elsewhere, was not even merely latent; it continued uninterruptedly throughout the years of the Alliance and reached a more acute form with every year that brought Europe nearer to the fateful 1914.

Perhaps it would be out of place to trace here the history of these provinces before the Napoleonic epoch, when for the first time they were given to Austria. Before then, with the exception of Trieste, which, like Florence and Milan and other Italian towns, had asked the protection of a foreign prince in order to withstand its rival Venice—a protection which was requited at one time with a yearly tribute of wine, and which for centuries never interfered with the liberty or nationality of the citizens—these provinces had been Italian for twenty centuries; in fact, ever since an Italian Empire existed, first Roman, then Venetian. During the war between France and the Confederation, which ended with the treaty of Campoformio, Venice had declared her neutrality; but Austria for the same reason, and with the same right that Germany violated Belgium three years ago, entered the territory of the Venetian Republic and marched as far as the Tagliamento, where the first battle was fought. At the conclusion of that campaign Napoleon, in order to detach Austria from Germany proper and secure to France her strategic frontier on the Rhine, gave Austria the whole of the Venetian territory from Isonzo to Adige, Istria and Dalmatia. It is interesting to note that by the eleventh article of this treaty, confirmed later at Luneville, Austria bound herself not to keep a navy in the Adriatic. After many vicissitudes during the Napoleonic epoch these lands remained firmly in the possession of Austria. If there had been an Italy then, or if the statesmen of those days had thought it worth while to consider the wishes of the people, the result of a plebiscite giving the people the choice between Italian and Austrian rule would have been overwhelmingly in favour of Italy. The attachment of the provinces to the Venetians is proved by many documents which the Austrians have been unable to destroy. The Austrian papers themselves published moving accounts of the mourning of the people when they learnt that European diplomacy had decided for them that they must forswear their allegiance to Venice. Before this, when a few months before the Treaty of Campoformio it became obvious that the Venetian

Republic was dead and that the population would have to choose between Austria and France (Italy being then a "geographical expression"), a small party under Count Agostino Carli Rubbi attempted to approach Austria, but both the "signori" and the peasants showed such resentment at the slight to their dead Republic that the movement came to nothing; the intermediary Nicolo del Bello declared that his journeying to and fro had brought him into bad odour with the people, and insistence could only lead to a popular insurrection. Later on, while the transference was being carried out under the guns of the fleet, in Zara, in Perasto, the inhabitants carried the insignia of the Republic in a funeral procession through the streets of the town and deposited them under the altar of the church with moving speeches of farewell: such was the attachment of these people to Venice. Then came Austria, and the gallows were permanently established on the principal square of the Istrian capital. "Every second day there are military executions to freeze the blood of our men," wrote Giacomo Almerigotti.

For some years to come, however, the Italian population had not much to fear at the hands of Austria, for the idea of denaturalising a part of the Empire, which then included Lombardy and Venetia as well as Istria and Dalmatia, did not come within the plans of the Austrian statesmen, who regarded the possession of these Adriatic provinces as a stepping-stone to the rich inheritance of the Turkish dominions whenever Europe should purge itself of the Turkish scourge. For the Austrians reasoned that if the Turks at the height of their power could reach the walls of Vienna, there was no reason why the Austrians should not pay a similar visit to the Bosphorus. Europe itself, by sanctioning the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, seemed to assent to the Austrian ambition. But the occupation of Bosnia Herzegovina had also another purpose. As early as 1856 Radetzki was advising the conquest of these provinces in order to ensure a stronger defence of Dalmatia and Istria against the Italian aspirations. Ten years later Tegetthoff counselled the Emperor in the same strain, and in 1870 the Croatian General Rodich, Governor of Dalmatia, began his work of preparing the anti-Italian campaign and the Croatisation of the provinces. It was obviously fear of just Italian rights that led Austria to secure for herself Bosnia and Herzegovina, whose population could be pushed on towards the coast and submerge the native Italian element.

But the seed of liberty that Napoleon had sowed brought forth fruit, and Italy sprang into being and demanded her rights. Lombardy was conquered first, and when Venice fell to Italy Trento and Trieste became the symbol of what still remained to be freed. The moment Austria realised the danger she embarked on a policy which has been justly called the "massacre of nationality" in order to rid herself of the native element in her Italian provinces. A policy was formed which was the exact counterpart of that followed by Germany in Alsace and Lorraine; a plebiscite taken here immediately before the present war would probably have given an overwhelming majority to Germany, a plebiscite taken in the Italian provinces of Austria would have had similar results in favour of Austria. This merciless hunting down of the Italians was favoured by the fact that, with the exception of a few towns, the people of the better class depend to a great extent on Government favour for their living. In Zara, in Fiume, in Trieste, where the commercial element prevails and people can earn a livelihood independent of Government favour, the resistance was stronger, and the long battle for the maintenance of nationality had not turned in favour of the Austrians when the present war began. What Austrian violence and Austrian unscrupulousness could achieve is shown, for instance, by the statistics of the island of Lesina, where for every 314 who in 1885 had the courage to declare themselves of Italian nationality, ten years later there were only twenty-one. No epidemic had devastated the island,

but another scourge had been at work—the official mind of the land of twenty nationalities. When Zara would have elected an Italian Parliamentary candidate the electorate was suddenly enlarged by the addition of foreign districts whose inhabitants were sufficiently numerous to overpower the Italian voters, and the Zara electoral district was made the largest in Austria, the only one where 80,000 electors had but one representative.

Dr. Antonio Baiamonti, the last Italian mayor of Spalato, described the means by which Austria kept her rule at work. During the municipal election the city of Spalato was practically under military rule. Two men-of-war lay in the harbour with guns trained on the city, patrols of soldiers and gendarmes arrested the Italian electors and prevented their reaching the polling booths. The prefect had given orders to all the State servants, the bishop to all the clergy to vote for the Government's nominees. The electoral commission had the power to annul the votes of Italians. In some places even the clocks had been put forward so as to put an end to the voting at a favourable moment. Violence was resorted to openly, and among those suffering from sabre wounds inflicted by Austrian officers and soldiers was Arturo Colautti, a poet of considerable fame.

Having secured an anti-Italian majority in the Municipal Council, they continued their work with enhanced power. Their first step was to close Italian schools. In Trieste, of some 150,000 Italian-speaking people, those who wished to learn Latin had first to learn German or enter a school provided by the Italian municipality and be marked for life. At Capodistria the Ginnasio-Liceo (grammar school) was founded by a religious body, with the consent of the French the teaching language being naturally Italian; but in 1819, with the return of the Austrians, the language became German. The number of students became fewer and fewer in each year, till the Government decided to carry its school to Trieste, where it is still the only grammar school supported by the Government. The citizens of Capodistria then erected and supported entirely at their own expense a similar school in which Italian was the

official language, but some years ago the Austrian Government, realising the advantages that would accrue to it, took it over on condition that the citizens would provide the building and half the expense of the upkeep, while the Government had the right to bribe the teaching staff with the promise of honours and advancement as a reward for the propagation of its own political aims. The fate of Trieste, in spite of the wonderful resistance of its people, could not have been delayed much longer. "We must act in Trieste as we have done in Dalmatia," wrote Lieutenant-Marshal Foerstner in the *Oesterreichische Rundschau*. "Help the propaganda and the non-Italian elements and wipe out the Italians altogether."

What the life of the Italians must have been when they were forced into the Austrian army can easily be imagined. Professor Zanella, ex-Mayor of Fiume, in a lecture given a few days ago in Milan, gave a vivid description of his townsmen bound, insulted, beaten, tied to the barbed wire entanglements to serve as butts for the guns of the soldiers in the opposite trenches.

It is not surprising if many Italians living under Austrian rule preferred exile to life in a land where the Government offered a reward to the son who betrayed his father, to the father who betrayed his nationality. Many young men left their homes, knowing they could never return, rather than stoop to the travesty of taking an oath of allegiance to the House of Hapsburg and apparently acquiescing in acts of unbearable tyranny.

In conclusion, it is, perhaps, not unnecessary to add that the Italian claims to the Irredenta do not imply exclusion from the sea of other nationalities. Without pretending to know what governments and diplomatists may have decided, it is worth noting that Signor Foscari, a Nationalist Deputy, speaking in the Italian Parliament on April 15th, 1916, suggested giving to the Slavs the lower portion of the coast with Gravosa, Ragusa, Antivari, and on the north the stretch of coast which includes the excellent harbours of Buccari, Sesna and Portore—altogether some two hundred miles of the eastern coast of the Adriatic.

FERRUCCIO BONAVIA.

SPLENDID YOUTH

BY RAYMOND HILL.

"THE war has revealed soldiers, it has not revealed writers." This remark by one of the deepest among the younger writers of to-day in Italy—who was killed on the Podgora in July, 1915—gives the best clue to the attitude of the youth of Italy towards the war. Renato Serra, the author of the above, Giosuè Borsi, Ruggero Fauro, Scipio Slataper and all those other young men who have given—and give daily—their lives for their country, do so, moved not by the romantic idea of the war, but because of its logical necessity and inevitability. They are too young and feel the war too closely for it to inspire them in a literary or ethical sense. That is why in Italy there has been no "pure" literature inspired by the war with the sole exception of D'Annunzio, and that on account of his different temperament and because he belongs to another age. Though D'Annunzio has felt the war deeply, he has been affected more by its picturesque—using this term in a very wide sense—than by its psychological aspects. The war to him still remains primarily external, like some wonderful pageant.

The war has not destroyed literature or poetry, but has given it other aims. Henceforth, as D'Annunzio said in one of the least known, yet most impressive, of his war speeches, on the dawn of May 25th, 1915, the day of Italy's entry into the war: "Before this miracle of our country we feel to-day that poetry is truth, that poetry is reality. . . . The tenth muse—"Energiea" D'Annunzio calls her—shapes Italy's new destinies. "She does not love measured words, but blood in abundance. She has different measures, different metres. She counts the strength, the nerves, the battles, the wounds, the tortures, the dead bodies; she notes the gestures, the cries, the words of heroic deaths. She watches the nourishment offered by the dead to the earth that it may be converted into a more refined substance and returned to it in an eternal soul. We, too, now have no other value save that of the blood we may shed; we cannot be measured otherwise than stretched out on the conquered ground."

That, perhaps, is the greatest lesson which the war has taught the youth of Italy. During the period of Italian neutrality which, at the first, seemed to many waverers a respite, a solution of a complex problem, Italy was preparing herself not so much from a military as from a spiritual point of view. Those nine months revealed the Italians unto themselves; it marked the triumph of youth and beauty over senility and ugliness; the sweeping away of many traditions; the creation of a new strength and a new driving power. No one knew, few suspected, the existence and the value of it. Behind all the political controversies which raged in those days

one thought predominated, one doubt tortured the minds of the younger generations and of those of the older who had not been entirely blinded to all except self-interest—the thought of Italy's future, the fear that she might let the golden moment slip, in which to affirm that the old Italy was dead, that a new one had been born; not less wonderful nor less beautiful than the one which tradition and history has taught us to love.

Someone has said that the Italian war is "a youth's war." It is, in the fullest and deepest sense of that term. The Italy which entered into the war with a strength of purpose which surprised many Italians themselves was an Italy which the young writers and thinkers of Italy had been preparing and working to create for some twenty-five years. There had been flashes here and there in different cities of Italy, such as in Florence or Milan, which marked the growth of new ideas and the despising of anything which was merely traditional, or accepted as such. Severe self-criticism and self-analysis were the most characteristic signs of every serious form of expression. The youth of Italy was reborn intellectually. The vigour of these new forces often led to extremes, such as that of the Futurist movement, but hardly ever to insincerity.

When the Italian Government declared for neutrality, for a moment it seemed to many as if Italy had been betrayed into the hands of timeservers and cowards, and that feeling, which never wholly died down, spurred the younger generation forward to put their ideas to the test. As the months passed all intellectual pursuits, as such, became stale and unprofitable; literature was cast aside; politics absorbed every energy and attention; each individual looked into his soul, examined—as if preparing to meet some great change in his life—all the memories, the compromises, the deep, half-obliterated tracks left in him by mental habits, held them up in the cold light of events before which every personal consideration seemed trivial and unimportant. "All around me," Renato Serra has written in his "Esame di Coscienza di un letterato," "a process of simplification is going on, an instinct to reduce things to the essence, a multiplying of needs which are at the same time a torment and an undeniable living force." Reality, that is all that matters; it is this sense which has led the young Italians of to-day into the fray.

But reality as conceived by them is not something material, cold, calculating. Their "sacred egoism" is not selfishness; it is the highest, completest realisation and fulfilment of each individual, set up as a law and an ideal for the race. Within its definition are included the noblest and purest ideals. As in a crucible, so in each individual—those we have mentioned are examples, symbols, if one will, of the mind of the youth of

Italy yesterday and to-day—all that was unessential, untrue, of minor importance was swept away, destroyed, leaving "that which in the human flesh is most elemental and most unrefinable," the fire of passion which causes the heart to beat.

To the youth of Italy which, in Italy and abroad, devoted itself wholeheartedly, unreservedly, to the Great Cause, the months of neutrality were, indeed, wonderful months of preparation, anguish and prayer; and when the hour sounded they were enabled to answer the call and do their duty, calmly, serenely, lightheartedly. No nation ever entered war for higher motives, while, at the same time, remaining calmly critical and conscious of its actions. It knew the whole measure of the results war would bring with it, and this knowledge stirred it as nothing else could have done.

If anyone were to enquire what might be the dominating, characteristic spirit of the Italian war, I would answer: The spirit of glorious youth. For it is a marvellous springtime of young energies which the war has revealed in Italy; yet not the tender youthfulness of a boy, but the boyish enthusiasm and strength of a man who sees in war itself the reason and justification of war. For does it not "teach one to suffer, to resist, to content one's self with little, to live more worthily, with greater and more religious simplicity, individuals and nations, until they unlearn" war?

This attitude, which is not in the least morbid, gives the war an extraordinarily intense beauty. It is perfectly open, sincere, and devoid of pose. The time for words is passed; the time for deeds has come. The interventionists and those of the unredeemed provinces were the first to volunteer, even when not called. To fight was and is the only way worthily to uphold their beliefs. The life of the individual merges into the life of the nation; sacrifice becomes a privilege and a right. War is an incentive to sacrifice, a duty to be accomplished; death the consummation of the sacrifice offered, the supreme dedication and surrender of self; yet all this quite naturally, as a logical conclusion and result of the ideals for which the nation is striving. Only those who have lived among them, who have known the comradeship of the youth of Italy in the trenches and elsewhere, can realise the wonderful, almost ecstatic consciousness of liberty which they have reached through the discipline of self; the pride in their work, the knowledge that they are the forerunners of a new Italy. The letters from the front written by Borsi or by Serra, and others which will never be published, are full of this crusading spirit, which is deeply religious but entirely non-sectarian.

Such is the spirit in which the youth of Italy is facing the greatest ordeal. It is sure of itself, and it welcomes the test out of which the New Italy is to arise.

MODERN ENGLISH POETRY AND ITALY

BY R. SCARLETT.

Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it Italy.

WHEN the naiads fled from the streams and the fauns from the woodlands and the morning meadows showed no print of fairies' feet, it seemed to poets that only one land still shone with romance. Its art was too old and wonderful, the beauty of nature too potent, to be affected by the new age of utility that brought factories and wealth to our northern land. The early nineteenth century in England was no home for poets. In Italy godlike thought carved in imperishable stone stood there in the eye of day. In village churches the tender and triumphant canvases of many a matchless genius lent to religion the joy of art. Perhaps still in southern Italy they could hear the goatherd pipe to the dark-eyed maiden, "they all call thee a gipsy and lean and sunburnt, 'tis only I that call thee honey-pale."

In the eighteenth century we have few records of the modern joy in Italy. Goldsmith had sauntered fluting through Italy "bright as the summer." He gives his impressions in that smooth verse of his which lacks all the passion and enthusiasm of later poets:

Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear
Whose bright succession decks the varied year,
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil.

Such description sounds stiff nowadays after the ardent glow of Shelley and Browning and Swinburne; and Goldsmith's moralisings on Italy seem superficial to us, though they are less tame than Samuel Rogers'. Yet even his firm muse that neither touched the heights nor slipped below mediocrity raised some steam when brought into contact with the living beauty of Italy.

Am I in Italy? Is this the Mincius?
Are those the distant turrets of Verona?
And shall I sup where Juliet at the Mosque . . .

And so he runs on with temporary juvenility. Goldsmith has, however, a few lines which give some idea of the inspiring quality of Italy:

At her command the palace learned to rise
Again the long fallen column sought the skies;
The canvas glowed, beyond even nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teemed with human form.

Shelley was among moderns the first high apostle of the favoured land. In his romance and idealism he reincarnated the ancient beauty of Italy. Shelley, in one of his first letters to Peacock, says, "O, if I had health and strength, and equal spirits, what boundless intellectual improvement might I not gather in this wonderful country." The word that he uses most often is "sublime" in describing the monuments of the cities, and the pastoral beauty entranced him, and like Theocritus he was thrilled with that exquisiteness in nature for which there is no tenderer word than sweet.

Writing of Rome and of "the wrecks of what a great nation once dedicated to the abstractions of the mind," he says:

If I speak of the inanimate ruins, the rude stones piled upon stones, which are the sepulchres of the fame of those who once arrayed them with the beauty which has faded, will you believe me insensible to the vital, the almost breathing creations of genius yet subsisting in their perfection?

He was profoundly stimulated by the grandeur remaining which nature through the centuries had adorned profusely.

There grow on every side thick entangled wildernesses of myrtle, and the myrtetus, and bay, and the flowering laurestinus whose white blossoms are just developed, the white fig, and a thousand nameless plants sown by the wandering wiads . . . Still further, winding up one half of the shattered pyramids, by the path through the blooming copsewood, you come to a little mossy lawn, surrounded by the wild shrubs; it is overgrown with anemones, wallflowers, and violets, whose stalks pierce the starry moss, and with radiant blue flowers, whose names I know not, and which scatter through the air the divinest odour, which as you recline under the shade of the ruin, produces sensations of voluptuous faintness, like the combinations of sweet music. The paths still wind on threading the perplexed windings, other labyrinths, other lawns, and deep dells of wood, and lofty rocks, and terrific chasms. When I tell you that these ruins cover several acres, and that the paths above penetrate at least half their extent, your imagination will fill up all I am unable to express of this astonishing scene.

Shelley was almost the first of the poets whose enthusiasm for Rome arouses a similar joy in the reader, and a verse of our own day seems more applicable to him who showed the way than to any later learner from him:

If but my unforgetting ghost
Might come again and find what most
It loved on earth and, living, lost
And I would ask that it might come
Only in May, only in Rome.

The descriptions in Shelley's letters of the towns and natural loveliness of Italy are unsurpassed for exactness of detail, the intellectual joy, the colour and romance with which he endows his simple conversational style. One of his most perfect pictures is in the letter to Peacock in which he describes the acre where the English dead rest in Rome. It is well known but, perhaps, can be quoted again, remembering that his ashes lie there, "cor cordium" lettered above them; close by the piteous lines can be read for him "whose name was writ in water" and the "skies Italian" for which he languished smile now above the quiet dust.

The English burying-place is a green slope near the walls, under the pyramidal tomb of Cestius, and is, I think, the most beautiful and solemn cemetery I ever beheld. To see the sun shining on its bright grass, fresh, when we first visited it, with the autumnal dews, and hear the whispering of the wind among the leaves of the trees which have overgrown the tomb of Cestius, and the soil which is stirring in the sun-warm earth, and to mark the tombs, mostly of women and young people who were buried there, one might, if one were to die, desire the sleep they seem to sleep.

Before leaving that beautiful and swift spirit, his tribute to the inspiration that flowed from Italy through Dante should be recorded.

Dante was the first awakener of entranced Europe; he created a language, in itself music and persuasion, out of a chaos of inharmonious barbarisms. He was the congregator of those great spirits who presided

over the resurrection of learning; the Lucifer of that starry flock which in the thirteenth century shone forth from republican Italy, as from a heaven, into the darkness of the benighted world.

His contemporaries, indeed, were horrified that the poet should have used the vulgar tongue for his great work and "not rudely expressed but musical." It was that dulcet and perfected tongue that another exile who carried to Italy his bleeding heart so fitly praised:

I love the language, that soft bastard Latin
That falls like kisses from a female mouth
And sounds as if it should be writ on satin
With syllables that breathe of the sweet South.

Mrs. Browning, lover of Italy, "of this earth's darling," tells of the gladness of those who understand

A little how the Tuscan musical
Vowels do round themselves as if they planned
Eternities of separate sweetness.

No warmer heart in the cause of Italian liberty ever beat than hers. "O bella libertà," the song she heard the child go singing

'Twixt church and palace of a Florence street

was always in her ears, allied to the glory of Italy's past, and she appeals for that continually to the imagination and reverence of other lands:

Had ye curled
The laurel for your thousand artists' brows
If these Italian hands had planted none?

In Casa Guidi windows the great names of Italy, poets, sculptors, painters, are inscribed with all her beautiful enthusiasm, and the might of England seems to fade in her eyes as the treasures of Italy crowd to her mind.

While England claims, by trump of poetry,
Verona, Venice, the Ravenna-shore,
And dearer holds John Milton's Fiesole
Than Langland's Malvern with the stars in flower.

And she goes on to speak of how Milton

Sang of Adam's paradise and smiled
Remembering Vallombrosa.

A pretty fancy to remind us that it was Milton's tour in Italy that inspired the loveliest of his similes:

"Now tell us what is Italy?" men ask:
And others answer, "Virgil, Cicero,
Catullus, Cæsar." What beside? to task
The memory closer—"Why, Boccaccio,
Dante, Petrarca,"—and if still the flask
Appears to yield its wine by drops too slow,—
"Angelo, Raffael, Pergolese,"—all
Whose strong hearts beat through stone, or charged again
The paints with fire of souls electrical,
Or broke up heaven for music.

It would be impossible to tell of the wonderful towns of Italy. The very names from Florence and Venice downwards ring like magic bells telling of songs and dreams. Marvellous Genoa, home of a princely people lying between the hills and the sea around the beautiful bay beneath "the olive sandalled Apennine":

And day and night the mild sea-murmur fills
The corridors of her cool palaces.

On the "harvest-shining plain" of Lombardy stands the ancient and learned

Many-domèd Padua proud . . .
once the fount of necromancy, where the students of the

occult, particularly Scots, went in the Middle Ages. Michael Scott studied there.

He learned the art that none may name
In Padua far beyond the sea.

He, indeed, printed a commentary on Aristotle at Venice in 1496. From the same green sea, "The waveless plain of Lombardy," rises the marble roof of Milan's cathedral.

O Milan, O the chanting quires
The giant windows' blazoned fires,
The height, the space, the gloom, the glory!
A mount of marble, a hundred spires.

Sea-girt Venice, the eldest child of Liberty, still enchanting and miraculous as in the glorious days of her sovereignty,

When she took unto herself a mate
She must espouse the everlasting sea.

Robert Browning has been sneered at as the Englishman in Italy, but he sized the romance of the sea-born city and the people who lived there to a far greater extent than wonderful Florence. "A Toccata of Galuppi's" shows his imaginative powers at their highest, "they lived once thus at Venice where the merchants were the kings." Everyone who has written at all seems to have made poetry about Florence. The wonderful men who lived there, when Guelph and Ghibelline fought and amid the noise and bloodshed the patient masons working raised the Campanile, and Dante dreamed and wrote of Beatrice, or sat to Giotto and left these placid, thoughtful features that show no foreboding shadow of the bitter days to come when as an exile he walked the hills outside Florence or paced Verona streets till he found rest on Ravenna's holy shore. Florence, though her mightiest son sleeps afar in Santo Croce repose

Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,
The starry Galileo's, with his woes.

Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose. The pages of art and literature and all forms of human greatness and achievement, spiritual pride and abasement, are written closely mingled with the name of wonderful Florence.

Thoughts that great hearts once broke for, we
Breathe cheaply as the common air;
The dust we trample heedlessly
Throbbled once in saints and heroes rare.

We think of Dante, Savonarola, Michael Angelo, Boccaccio, Giotto, at the word Florence, as at the name Ferrara we recall not its marbles, but Tasso, imprisoned miserably there

Each year brings forth its millions; but how long
The tide of generations shall roll on,
And not the whole combined and countless throng
Compose a mind like thine? Though all in one
Condensed their scattered rays, they would not form a sun.

And Asquia, not an insignificant mountain village, but a place for pilgrims, for there the noble Petrarch, bowing his head among his books, found peace, and there his tomb stands. With these inadequate references of what this treasure house of Europe holds we finish, only with one last word from the heart of that Sundered child of Italy, Christina Rossetti:

But when the swallows fly back to the South,
To the sweet South, to the sweet South,
The tears may come again into my eyes
On the old wise,
The old name to my mouth.

ITALIAN FOLK-LORE OF THE EASTERN SHORE OF THE ADRIATIC

By W. HUGH BURNETT.

THE Italian character of the eastern shore of the Adriatic is amply demonstrated not only by the admirable Roman and Venetian marble and stone monuments with which that shore of the Gulf of Venice is magnificently studded, but also by the rich Italian folk-lore whose abundant traces are still to be found, as vivid as ever, notwithstanding the recent iniquitous work of denationalisation perpetrated by Austria, all along that picturesque coast extending from Trieste to Fiume and from Zara to Cattaro.

Among my most interesting recollections of a journey made some few summers ago all along that shore, there is one of my arriving, on a late evening in August, at a harbour in Southern Dalmatia, jewelled by a row of elegant Venetian palaces and villas under the quiet opalescent light of the full moon. From underneath the steamer, while approaching the landing stage, there rose a grave, melancholy chant from

many voices. I was more than two hundred miles away from Venice, and still the same charm of a serenade, the same familiar voices of the people, the same cadence practically of the dialect, broke the silence of the night, just as a few evenings before, leaving by a steamer sailing for Trieste, I had listened entranced to a serenata in the middle of the lagoon of St. Mark in front of the two slender columns of the Piazzetta. I remembered the beautiful song rising from some gondolas which were not far from the steamer. The same tune, the same words I believe, saluted my arrival in the Dalmatian harbour. After the chorus had ceased, the melodious voice of a woman broke into another well known and well remembered melody

Sotto il ponte di Rialto
Fermere la barchetta . . .

Always the same, notwithstanding all the vicissitudes of its terrible ancient and modern history, that Adriatic Sea, narrow

as a lake, on whose shores both Greece and Rome have probably mingled their civilisations! An Italian friend of mine had told me before I left Venice that I should see all along the Istrian and the Dalmatian coast the practically identical repetition of the famous spire of St. Mark, and that I should hear on my journey the same grave voice of the bells of that Venetian campanile. Everything on those shores, as I said, reminds one of Venice, and not only at Capodistria, at Pirano, at Zara, the capital town of Dalmatia, which a Venetian playwright, I was told, recently defined as a "sestiere" of Venice, but at Spalato, too, with its magnificent Roman ruins, and at Ragusa, in which, more perhaps than anywhere else—notwithstanding its historical opposition to the Republic of the Lion—a perfect harmony is to be found of both the Italian and the Serbian languages and customs. The time in which Ragusa's patricians boasted of their glorious Roman origin is now gone, and also the days in which the Slav peasant girls of the "mountain side" of the town were not admitted to the aristocratic cathedral of San Biagio. What matters if there are only Latin and Italian documents to be found in Ragusa's State archives? Every stone of that proud town, which so valiantly fought for its independence both against her neighbours of the sea and of the mountain, as well as every phase of its peculiar composite language, reveal the intimate common development of the two native races and languages which have survived the ancient and haughty Republic.

While all the remaining eastern shore of the Adriatic has been, since the time of Doge Orseolo II's conquest (998 A.D.), under the influence of Venice, Ragusa's antagonism to this dominion made this town seek both its spiritual and material models in Florence and in the Tuscan civilisation.

There was a time, however, about the thirteenth or fourteenth century, soon after nearly all the principal towns of Istria and Dalmatia had formulated the rules of their Italian civic "Statuti," when, with the early influence of the popular Venetian literature, the epic stories of Charlemagne and the "ambages pulcherrimæ" of King Arthur's knights are introduced all along those Adriatic shores. As well as in Barletta (Apulia), where a bronze statue of the Emperor Heraclius was baptised by the people with the name of the celebrated Paladin Orlando, there are even nowadays to be found everywhere, from Trieste to Zara and to Ragusa, traces of those epics and of those chivalrous knights.

To the same popular current flowing down from the peninsula to those shores we are bound to attribute the existence, even in the present day, both in Istria and in Dalmatia, of the tragic

8. Dona Lombarda.

Larghetto.

A me mea mi do na lombarda a me mea mi a
E po me te la nel ca ra te lo del vin più bon del
me mea mi O co me mai vos tu che ta mase go'l mari se
vin più bon ve gni ra a casavostroma ri to co'u na granse co'u
go'l mari fa lo morir quel tuo mari - fa lo mo rir fa
na granse da me da beverdo na lom barda del vin più bon, del
lo mo rir. O co me mai vos tu che fazzafar lo mo rir. far
vin più bon Cos' a sto vin do na lom barda che l'ain tur bia, che
lo mo rir. Va in nel'ortodel tuo sior pare ghe xe un serpen ghe
l'ain tur bia Sa ra li tonide l'al to cie lo che l'ain tur bia che
xe un serpen. Ta ia la tes taa quel serpen pes ta la ben pes
l'ain tur bia
ta la ben.

12. Bevelo vu dona lombarda bevelo vu, bevelo vu.

13. Ma come mai vostu ch'el beva, che no go se?

14. Per la spada che porto al fianco, tu beverai, po morirai;

15. Così fano le done kirane, del suo mari, farlo morir.

cantare of "La Donna Lombarda." This song, which is one of the earliest known, through its three different versions (Piedmont, Canavese and Venetia), in Italian literature, evidently descends from Paolo Diacono's tale, referring to the adulterous love of the Longobard queen Rosmunda, who about A.D. 573 listened to Longinus's (a prefect of Ravenna) suggestion and tried to poison her husband Elmichi. The argument of the "Donna Lombarda" is practically the same: a woman makes an attempt upon her husband's life, offering him a cup of wine in which the poison of a snake's head has been mixed. The husband comes back from a hunting expedition; he is thirsty, and accepts the drink which is offered to him. Having suspected, however, the treachery, he orders the wife to drink the poisoned wine.

La prima goccia che n'ha bevuta,
Donna lombarda cambia colore;
La seconda goccia che n'ha bevuta,
Donna lombarda chiama il confessore;
La terza goccia che n'ha bevuta,
Donna lombarda chiama il becchino.

[The first drop she drank,
The Lombard lady changes colour;
The second drop she drank,
The Lombard lady calls the confessor;
The third drop she drank,
The Lombard lady calls the gravedigger.]

In the version of this very dramatic and realistic episode, which I have been privileged to read in the "Raccolta di canti popolari dalmati, pervenuti per tradizione" (by Luigi Banch, Zara, Vitaniani, 1913), some details of the story are somehow modified. The Dalmatian song, evidently descending from the Venetian version of the poem, is much shorter and more powerful because of its conciseness.

Do love me, O Lombard lady, do love me, do love me.
And how can I love you if I have a husband, if I have a husband?
Make him die that husband of yours, make him die, make him die.
And how would you like me to make him die, to make him die?
Do go into the garden of your father: there is a snake, there is a snake.
Do cut that snake's head, and pound it well, and pound it well
And put it afterwards into the cask of the best wine, of the best wine.
Your husband, very thirsty, will come home.
Give me something to drink, O Lombard lady; give me the best wine, the best wine.
What has this wine, O Lombard lady, that it is troubled, that it is troubled?
There is the thunder, perhaps, of the night sky, which has troubled it, which has troubled it.
Do drink it then, O Lombard lady, drink it, drink it.
But how do you want me to drink it, if I am not thirsty, if I am not thirsty?
For the crown which I wear, you must drink first, and then die.
For the sword which I wear, you must drink first, and then die.
This is the way the tyrant women behave towards their husbands, whom they kill.

The very ancient tradition and the perfect preservation of the above popular song all along those shores is a telling demonstration of the great influence exercised by Italy and her civilisation on the people beyond the Adriatic. "What is severed by the mountains," wrote once the great writer and poet, Nicolo Tommaseo (born in Sabenico and buried at Settignano, near Florence), "is united by the waves of the sea." And that this should have been the case with those provinces, notwithstanding the great apathy of the politicians and Provveditori of the Serenissima towards the expansion of Italy's language throughout Venice's provinces, is even better shown by the rich harvest of ancient and modern popular songs which is to be found on that coast. There are some very valuable collections of the same, especially due to the splendid work done in the recent years by some able writers of Trieste, of Istria and of Dalmatia. Among the most important I should like to mention here the valuable book published by Salani and Schmidt in Trieste, and the rich material carefully chosen and collected by Paolo Villanis, Lorenzo Benevenia and Giuseppe Sabalich, in the towns and villages of Dalmatia.

The violent and cunning work of oppression and suppression of her Italian subjects, which has already lasted more than half a century, accomplished by Austria, has proved futile. The suppression of the Italian schools has not barred even the youngest Dalmatian generations from learning Italy's language, even if only through the medium of those popular songs which, imported once upon a time from Italy, have been elaborated and modified by the local genius of the people.

"The determination of the Croat majority to stamp out the Italian language by insisting upon instruction in the schools being given solely in Croat will, in the course of a generation, make Italian a foreign language understood by few; and it seems wise for those who desire to visit Dalmatia to do so soon, while it is still understood and before Italian culture is forgotten." This ominous prophecy, written by F. H. Jackson, R.B.A., in his well known work, "The Shores of the Adriatic" (London: John Murray, 1908), will not come true, let us hope, unless indeed the actual war will have been fought in vain by Italy and her Allies.

The right of Italy to the hegemony of the opposite shore, while allowing good commercial outlets both to the Croats and the Serbians, is based not only on her geographical position and on her historical claims, but also on the fact that those two provinces belonged for nearly twenty centuries to Rome first and then to Venice.

The popular traditions of those seaborne people are the same as those of the people of the Italian coast. The very themes of the most ancient Apulian and Venetian folk-lore have been throughout the centuries the themes of the Istrian and Dalmatian popular songs. The lullabies (*ninne-nanne*) are expressed in the same words which are commonly used on the western Adriatic shores. The same words are used in the game songs on both shores.

E arrivato l'ambasciatore
Col tirum—tirum—tellerà.
E arrivato l'ambasciatore
Col tirum—tirum—ta.
Che cosa mai volete, etc.

The above is to be heard among children while at play at Venice, as well as at Fiume, at Spalato and at Cattaro.

Love, of course, is the fundamental subject of nearly all those songs. There is the well known motif of the girl wanting to marry against her mother's will:

Madre, che pensi tu fare
Che marito non mi dai?

[Mother, what do you mean to do, that you refuse to give me a husband?]

This song was sung throughout Italy as early as in the thirteenth century. There are many versions or adaptations of the same to be traced on the eastern Adriatic shores. The most amusing one is that which begins thus:

Mamma, mamma, c'è un cavaliere,
Che m'ha detto: ti vo' sposar.
Figlia, figlia, sta un po' a vedere
Se t'ha detto la verità.
Mamma, mamma, baciarmi à chiesto.
Che fo, mamma? lo lascio far?
Figlia, figlia, va troppo presto.
Fa che l'abbia da sospirar.

The wise mother, after having given a little cunning advice about love to her impatient daughter, is sending her to the confessor. The advice and the sentence of the padre seem to be not without a fair judgment of worldly things.

Padre, padre, io voglio amare,
S'è peccato domando a te?
Figlia, figlia, sappilo fare,
Chè l'amore peccato non.

[Father, father, I want to love
I am asking you if it is a sin?
Daughter, daughter, know how to do it,
That love is not a sin.]

There are also several "lamenti" for the lover's departure, or of the girl whose marriage is unhappy. One of the most touching "lamenti" of the former group is "La prova" (The Trial), in which a girl is told by her own lover, whom she does not recognise after a long absence, that he is dead. There are many farewell songs "della partenza," mostly imitated from the well known "Addio, mia bella, addio!" and other similar songs dating from the early wars of the Italian Risorgimento.

Ma chi sarà che pianze?
Sarà la mamma mia,
Veder che parto via,
Vestio da militar.

[But who will cry?
My mother perhaps,
In seeing my parting,
Dressed as a soldier.]

The carnival has been very often an excellent occasion for introducing new songs, especially of a political kind. Two of these songs have gained the widest popularity within the last few years: "La Canzon del Sì," which, being a celebration of the indestructibility of the Italian language in Dalmatia, has lately become the most popular battle song of the much ill-treated Irredenti of that province. The other one, similar in its subject to the latter, is sung in the same way in the streets of Trieste:

Nella patria de Rossetti
No se parla che Italian.
[In Rossetti's country
Only Italian is spoken.]

Here there is an allusion to a historian of the town of Trieste. Every festivity was a good opportunity to reassert through popular songs like these the Italian soul of the most ancient civilisation of the country, and this under the very nose of the Austrian police. In this way that immortal soul has been able to survive the persecution of the ill-advised Austrian authorities and to keep itself practically inviolate for the day—very imminent, let us hope—in which that "Iembo di toga romana," to use the beautiful phrase of d'Annunzio, the eastern shore of the Adriatic, will be joined once again to the wonderful Mediterranean peninsula.

THE THEATRE IN ITALIAN LIFE

By FERRUCCIO BONAVIA.

THE Italian theatre more than any other presents certain features which are not readily understood by strangers. The excellence of the acting of various Italian actors has certainly not lacked appreciation abroad, but minor, though integral, and pertinent features of the performance have often been adversely commented on. Whoever enters an Italian theatre, if he wishes to extract from the experience all the interest it has to offer, must bear in mind that, if the play is the thing, the audience is by no means a negligible quantity. An Italian theatre is not purely a place in which to see a play performed, it is also an important social institution. Social life in Italy differs from that of other countries, and especially of England, a difference fostered by the military and political needs of the past, which made many towns capitals, yet circumscribed their area, forcing the people to live in much greater proximity than elsewhere. Italy has lived united and secure for half a century, but the people have not yet acquired the taste for living on the border line where town and country meet. This overcrowding in the heart of the city has affected the social life. It is, for instance, self apparent that since you can be almost sure of meeting your friends every day on the "corso," or the principal square, at a certain hour, there is the less need to invite them to your house in order to see them. Foreigners have sometimes been hurt at this apparent lack of hospitality in Italy. There is a good deal of official, ceremonious visiting, and there are frequent family parties, but in between there is not informal entertaining at home as in England, but the meeting of friends at the theatre. The theatre forms the real connecting link between formal official entertaining and purely family affairs, and is the better fitted for this function by the system of season tickets and long intervals. The long interval—that bane of foreigners—which is generally ascribed to bad stage management, is a necessity if the theatre is to serve a social purpose. It is in the intervals that friends visit one

another in their boxes, and *habitués* meet in the foyer to discuss, praise, or damn the play, to establish or demolish dramatic reputations.

The attitude of the Italian audience, with its emphatic marks of approval and still more emphatic protests if the play or the performance does not appeal to it, must seem extraordinary and ill-mannered to the outsider. Its most indulgent apologists have tried to explain it as an expression of the hot and hasty Southern temperament. It is in reality something different from that. When an Englishman goes to the theatre he goes prepared to make the best of things and with the full intention of getting as much enjoyment out of the evening as the entertainment will yield. The Italian takes a much more personal interest in the theatre and will resent anything which does not come up to his expectations as a slur on himself, the theatre and the town. He protests violently, he demands his money back, not because he feels he has been cheated, but because he feels it his duty to punish those who have attempted to hoodwink his critical faculties. The Italian habit of ill timed applause (certainly one to be deprecated in principle) is characteristic of the attitude of the Italian audience, which will not wait until the end to express its feelings. At a play produced lately one of the characters advocated some advanced ideas which evidently shocked the public, and every statement of the player was received with uncomplimentary comments by the audience. But having thus expressed its opinion of the author and his theories, at the end of the act the audience insisted on calling the actors repeatedly before the curtain to show there was no ill feeling. No doubt the ordeal is sometimes a severe one for the actors, and the very public which condemns something one season has often to own itself mistaken later; but, after all, it is questionable whether this attitude is not preferable to aloofness and polite toleration. It proves, at any rate, the spectator's keen interest, if not always his sound judgment.

Both the interest shown by the public and the accessibility of the theatre, owing to the plan on which Italian towns are built, place it in somewhat peculiarly favourable circumstances. Yet critics, like M. Henri Lyonnet, assert that it suffers considerably from lack of centralisation. Of recent years a tendency has been noted for the best things to gravitate to Rome, which, for instance, is the only town in Italy that has a continuous series of concerts. Many projects to found a national theatre in Rome have proved fiascoes, in spite of the building of the "Nazionale." For the best Italian companies, the finest actors are still vagrants, as the best French and English have not been since the days of Molière and Garrick. Zacconi, Duse, Novelli, Tina di Lorenzo have never had the advantage of possessing their own theatre and their own audience. As soon as the season, which lasts a month or two, is over, they must pack up their belongings and proceed to another town to face a new audience, which will possibly reverse the judgment of the last on all the novelties of the moment. Goldoni tells in his "Memorie" how, when still a schoolboy, he fell in with a company of strolling players and travelled with them to Chioggia in a boat—"a kind of Noah's Ark—a dozen actors and actresses, a prompter, a stage carpenter, a property man, four maids, two wet nurses, children of all ages, dogs, cats, monkeys, parrots, pigeons and a lamb."

Italian actors travel much in the same way nowadays—minus, perhaps, the menagerie. They live their wandering life necessarily a little aloof from other people; they intermarry, and the most distinguished of them are "enfants de la balle" (born in the profession). The grandparents, parents, uncles, aunts and cousins of Duse were all in the profession, and she herself, at the advanced age of four, was playing the rôle of Cosette in the Italian version of the "Miserables" at the Teatro Filodrammatico of Trieste. And whatever the disadvantages of the system, it is doubtful whether in any other way an actor could thoroughly master the extensive repertoire necessary when, as happens in Italy, the public insists on a different play each night. That the lack of an undisputed artistic centre and the discomfort and strain of incessant removals have their drawbacks is undeniable. But where so many provincial towns have an equal claim to literary and artistic distinction the best that the theatre has to give must be equally shared. A repertory theatre, however good, to be successful must be able to rely on a population large enough to renew the audience frequently, and, consequently, has a far better chance of success in London or Paris than in Bologna, which, during the last fifty years, has certainly been the intellectual centre of Italy. If the actor and author have to submit to many tests before being finally accepted, living in constant fear that the present success may be nullified by adverse criticism elsewhere, the reverse is also true, and an initial failure has always a chance of being retrieved. The one obvious and unmitigated evil of the touring system is the necessary and unavoidable poverty of the *mise-en-scène*. No company with a repertory of forty or more plays can carry

from town to town all the properties required for effective staging. But, after all, the *mise-en-scène* is the least important part of a serious dramatic production. The Italians have shown no desire so far to alter the traditional framing of the dramatic picture, and neither the school which demands growing grass and real rain nor that which repudiates scenery altogether have found much support from the public.

There is little need to speak of the excellence of individual Italian actors and actresses to English playgoers, among whom the names of Rossi, Salvini and Duse are household words. Of late years, however, apart from the somewhat meteoric appearance of the Sicilian Players, there has been a falling off in the visits of Italian players to England. First-class actors are, perhaps, not more numerous in Italy than elsewhere, but there are at least two of great eminence at the present time who are not known here in spite of the high praise they have won from foreign critics. There is no doubt in the mind of Italians that Ermete Zacconi ("un bon Coquelin, du temps où Coquelin triomphait à la Comédie," says a distinguished Frenchman) and Ermete Novelli are as great as their famous predecessors. After the war, when peace will restore the arts to their kingdom, it is to be hoped that a way will be found to exchange visits between the best actors of the Allies more frequently. If the performance of Shakespeare in Italy has given to many an Italian youth his first glimpse of the greatness of English poetry, his first taste of the genius of the nation, and awakened in him a longing to know the country and the people of England, the Italian actor producing in England plays by such authors as Sem Benelli and d'Annunzio would reveal something of the Italian national spirit of to-day.

For the theatre in Italy has always had national and political as well as artistic value. In the days of Verdi the rousing choruses of Ernani, the fiery songs of Ezio in "Attila," and of other less historical characters, were the bane of the Austrian police. To this day "Attila" is a forbidden opera in the Irredenta for reasons of "public order." Similarly the dramas of Alfieri, the Nerone of Cossa, gave offence to the self-constituted guardians of the Irredenta. The action of the authorities was, of course, utterly inadequate as a measure of repression. The play was only the occasion for the affirmation of patriotism which neither tyranny nor bayonets could repress. Bovio's "Cristo Alla Festa di Purim" was forbidden in Trieste, although it cannot be described as "patriotic;" but it had aroused passionate discussion elsewhere and the censor preferred the jests of the Triestini to a reprimand from Vienna. The fact is that the Austrians are apt to be frightened at shadows, well knowing what a power the theatre is in Italian life. Throughout the many years of misery, humiliation and political slavery which the Irredenti had to endure, the plays and the players which came to them from over the border were messengers of hope—of the great hope which is now near fruition.





J. Shaw.

ST. MARK'S, VENICE:

Copyright.



ITALY OF THE PRINCES

THE CERTOSA DI PAVIA.

BY SIR MARTIN CONWAY.

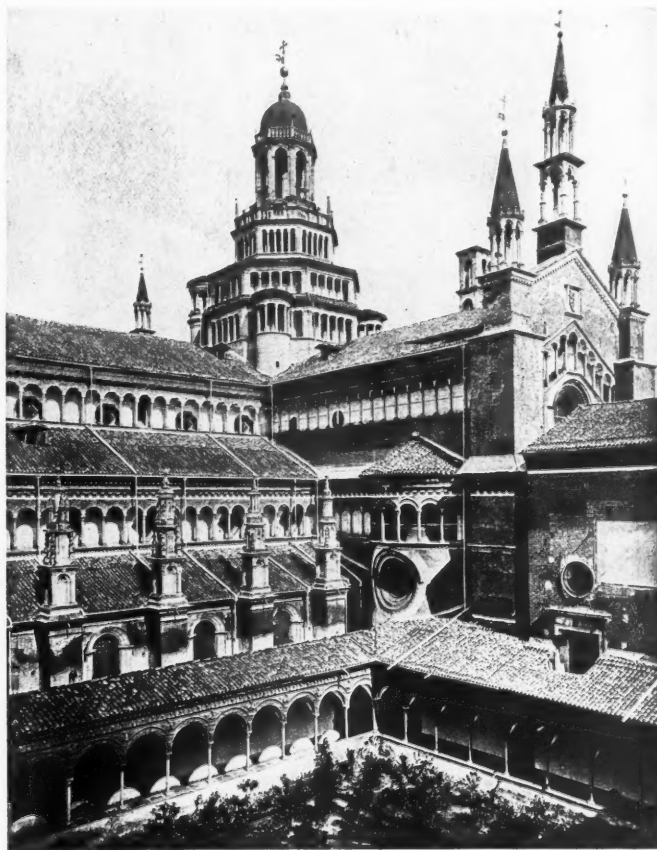
THE story of Italy is the richest, the most varied, the most romantic, the most splendid, the most tragic of all the histories of the nations that ever were since the world began up till now. Others have had their moments or their great days, the glory of Italy rolls on in successive floods. From her lowest depths she has risen to heights as lofty as the last, and the future may yet have in store for her romances as marvellous as those which she has already traversed. I come not now to praise the ancient Roman Republic which founded the structure of written law, nor the Empire which for the first time brought peace on earth and welded diverse races into unity, nor the Feudal Age which invented chivalry, nor the city republics which showed how a people might govern themselves. The stage that next followed is my theme—the stage of the Renaissance, when the city-states grew into principalities—the time of the Medici, the Gonzagas, and the Estes, the Montefeltri, the Visconti, the Sforzas and all the rest, Princes ruling over little states and vying with one another in the learning, the refinement and the magnificence of their Courts. Those were not the greatest days of Italy's power, but they were in some regards the most picturesque, and they have left behind them a wealth of wonderful monuments and treasures, no small part of the great inheritance of beauty which we of to-day inherit from the past.

I refer not merely to buildings, but to all kinds of works of art and the decorative paraphernalia of life. Now, however, it is only with buildings we are concerned and, illustratively, with a single building. How would the cities of Italy be spoiled if we were to wipe out the structures erected by their princes? What would Ferrara be without the Estes, or Rimini without the Malatestas? Even Venice was no exception, for her Doges were Princes, only not hereditary. The glory of Lombardy as expressed in its monuments was a product of the power and the destinies of the Visconti and the Sforzas. It was Giangaleazzo Visconti who in 1386 gave the first effective impulse toward the creation of Milan's enormous and renowned cathedral, and who ten years later laid the foundation stones of the Certosa of Pavia. The extension of his dominions by conquest provided the wealth which he expended in this and similar ways, for conquest was then an industry, and wealth was desired for its creative efficiency in a day when the



imagination of men was bursting forth like a great fountain and imperatively demanded a material expression in a manner scarcely conceivable by us.

Mere respectability required that a princely family of wealth, at the time with which we are dealing, should possess a certain equipment consisting of more or less the same elements everywhere. Its capital must have a palace-castle and a fine cathedral; it must possess country villas and gardens of delight; it must also have a distinguished place of burial under the protection of a convent of monks, preferably Carthusians. Such princely burial abbeys were built all over Western Europe in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, where they did not already exist. The Royal house of France had its St. Denis long before, and that of England its Westminster Abbey; but the younger and smaller houses which came later to power did not find themselves thus equipped. The Valois Dukes of Burgundy built the Chartreuse of Champmol near Dijon for that purpose. Regent Margaret of the Netherlands similarly built yet later the wonderful church of Brou near Bourgen-Bresse to be the resting place of herself and her husband, Philibert of Savoy, and attached it also to an abbey. Giangaleazzo was therefore acting in accordance with custom when he founded near Pavia, a city rather recently added to the principality of

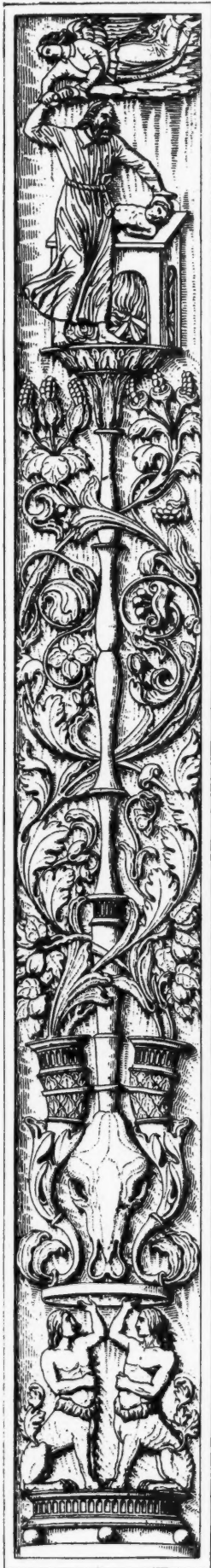


FROM THE CLOISTER GARDEN.

Milan, a Carthusian abbey or Certosa to be the burial place for himself and his successors.

He by no means lived—could not have expected to live—to see it finished, but those were days of grandiose projects and of confidence in the future. To cite his own proud words, the Certosa of Pavia was to be so splendid that its equal should not exist on the earth. He laid out the plan, therefore, on a large scale, and the building exists to-day, broadly speaking, much as he intended that it should. Work upon it, indeed, was not completed for upward of a century, and during that time architects succeeded one another and changes of style took place, but the general conception of the founder was not altered, and the lucid plan made for him is the plan of the Abbey as it stands to-day.

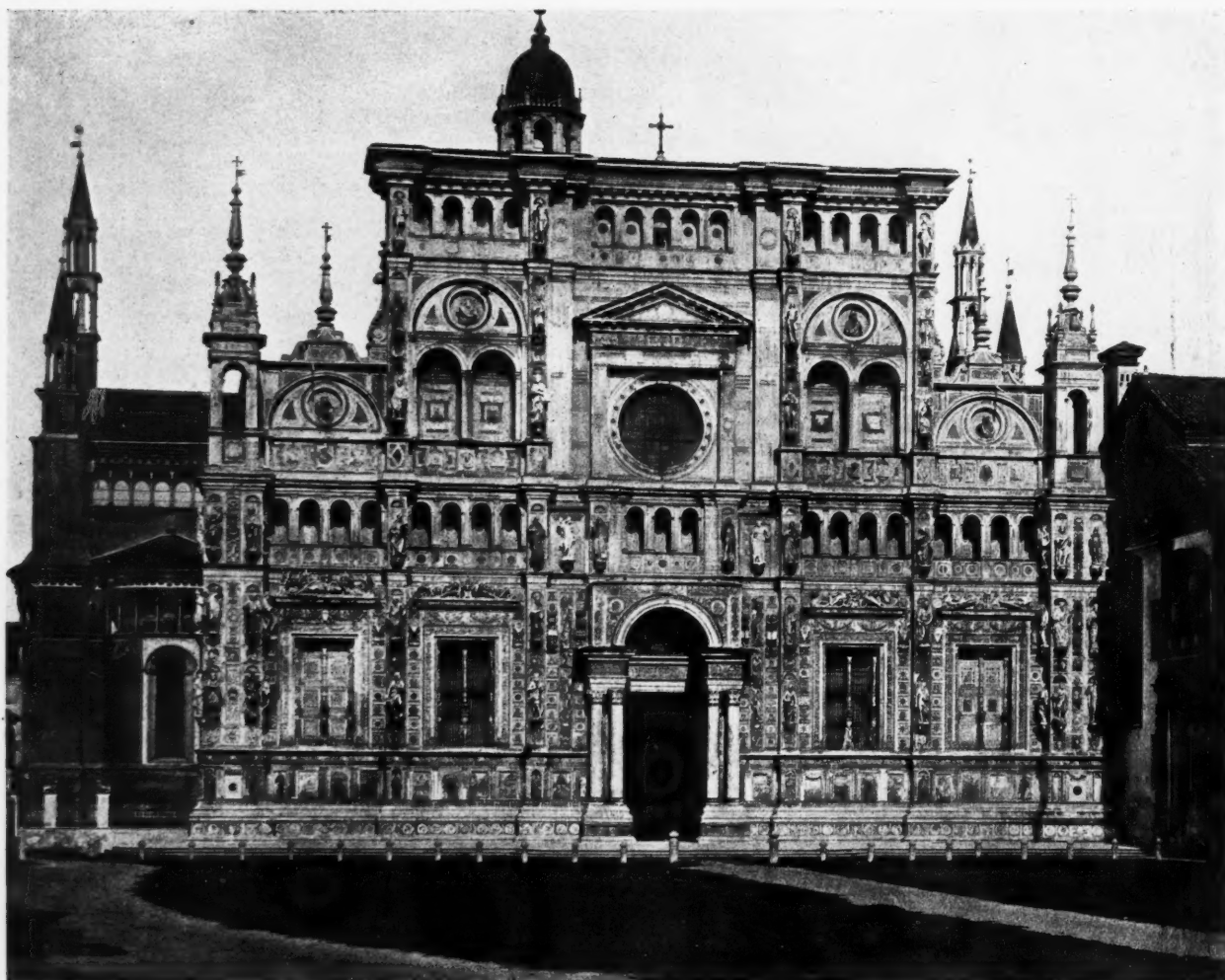
We speak of Giangaleazzo as the founder, but it was in fact his wife Caterina who, dying in 1390, left money in her will for the building of a smaller Certosa on the spot where the larger was afterwards erected. Hers was to have held twelve monks. Her bereaved husband took up the plan and enlarged it, making the number of the monks twenty-four. It seems extraordinary when we approach the vast pile that so huge a structure should have been raised to house so small a community. The first work done was the provision of accommodation for these men, for it was ultimately their unceasing prayers that were counted on to provide comfort



for the souls of the dead princes, who wanted them first, and splendid tombs and the like glories only when the more important provision for the peace of a future life had been secured. First built, then, were the four and twenty separate abodes for the monks—I can only count twenty-three—arranged around three sides of the great enclosure and connected together by the cloister which flanked all four sides. Each monk had his own little house with a little walled garden attached. On the fourth side of the enclosure at one end was the small cloister with the common rooms adjacent, the refectory, infirmary, and so forth, but two-thirds of its length is now occupied by the Palazzo Ducale, a seventeenth century building to accommodate distinguished visitors, which may replace earlier lodgings for the prince. All these buildings and an extension on the west side were included within a high wall totally shutting off the monks from the outside world. Even the great church stood without this rectangle and was only entered from it through the sacristy.

The original plans were not made in a hurry. The chief architect was Bernardo of Venice, but seven or more experienced builders were called into consultation before final decisions were taken, as was the general custom in those days in the case of important buildings. Every architect, then, was an artist in some other line also, generally a sculptor. As the Certosa was evidently from the first intended to be richly embellished, important sculptors were associated with Bernardo, the best of them being that Giacomo da Campione who did so much for Milan cathedral in his day.

In 1402 Giangaleazzo died. An account of the state of the building about the time of his death is preserved. The necessary parts of the Convent were in occupation. The great cloister seems to have been surrounded by a covered way, not vaulted as now—the vaulting was done in the middle of the fifteenth century—but merely roofed with a penthouse. Only the foundations of the church were complete “up to the level of the ground.” During the ten years of Giovanni



THE WHITE MARBLE FAÇADE.

The nave and south transept abutted against the second or little cloister, but the church had a courtyard of its own. An imposing gate-house gives access to that. This outer courtyard was less secluded than the rest and layfolk had access to it. Here was the pharmacy, close by the gate, where sick people were attended to. The guest chambers and the later Palazzo were entered from this side and the great white marble façade of the church fronts the gate-house.

All these buildings were substantially of brick with stone columns, portals, windows, and such like, and a great deal of elaborate terra-cotta decoration. The style of the architecture is interesting. The key-note of the earliest work is Gothic, of the latest, Renaissance, but both are modified by intrusion of features of Lombard tradition; that is to say, features proper to and invented for such buildings as the church of St. Ambrose at Milan, dating from the ninth and following centuries before Gothic had come into existence.

Maria Visconti little was done, but when Filippo Maria succeeded him in 1412 work was taken in hand again. Still it was mainly the decoration of the conventual buildings that was attended to; the building of the church dawdled along. Not till 1462 do we read of the vaulting of the aisles of the nave, and we may broadly assert that all the existing decorative parts of the whole building—nave, transept and choir—belong to the second part of the fifteenth century and the following decades.

It was Francesco Sforza who put new life into the undertaking. He appointed Giunforte Solari as head of the works, and what was done under his leadership from 1453 to 1481 in the main fixed the character of the building as it first strikes a modern spectator. His style is well known from existing works in Milan designed by him. The Florentines Filarete and Michelozzo were active in that city at the same time, and they together represent in Lombardy the early Renaissance style, best exemplified by the beautiful portion of the Ospedale Maggiore, which every visitor to the



FROM THE LITTLE CLOISTER.

capital of Lombardy should carry away in his memory. We need not further follow the history of the building of the Certosa, but may turn at once to its elaborate marble façade: that was begun in 1473, and the two sculptors Cristoforo and Antonio Mantegazza were employed upon it, and presently the well known Omodeo. The latter, after a

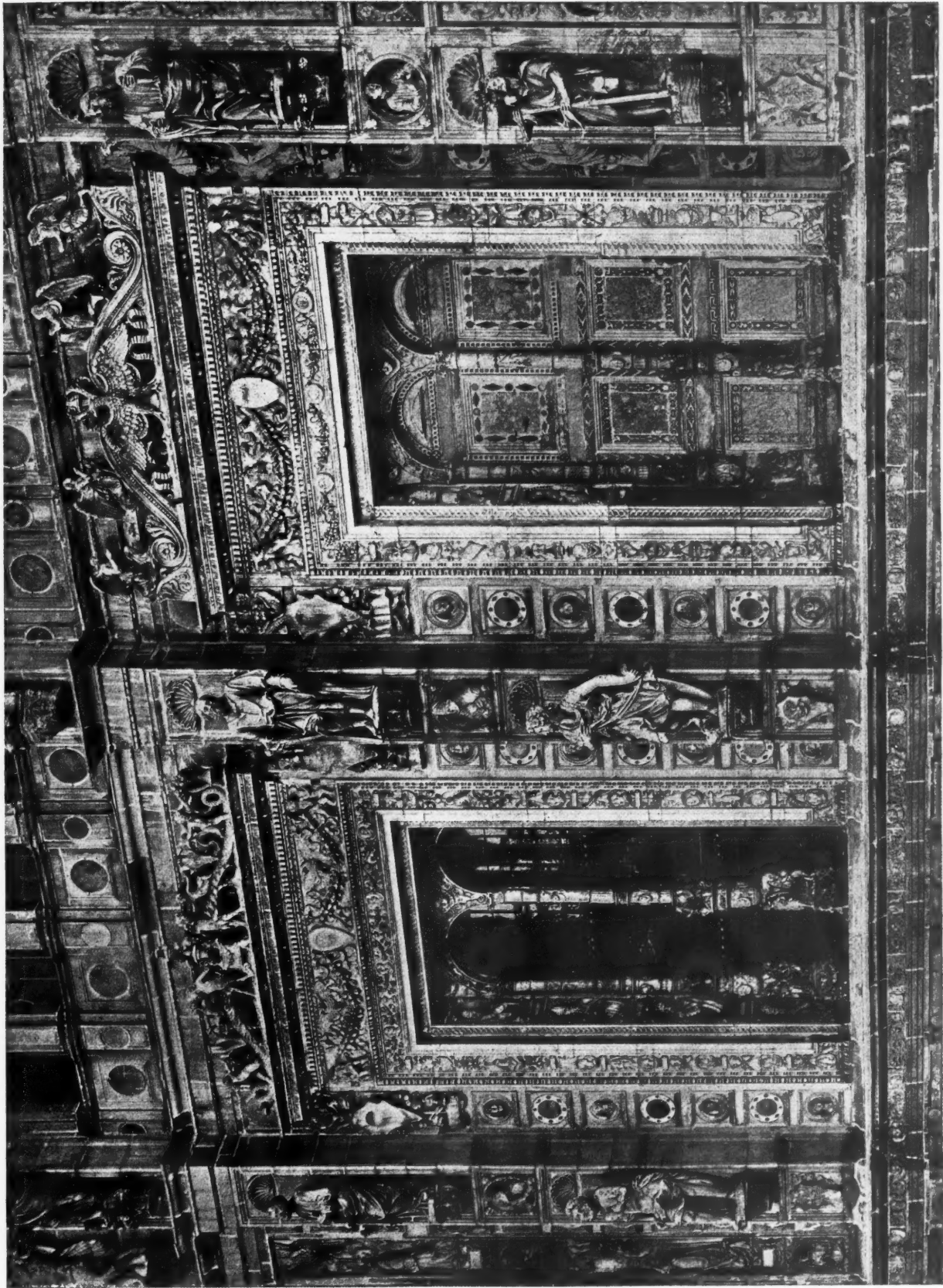
of one of Borgognone's most attractive pictures. It shows Christ bearing the Cross followed by the monks of the Certosa; away behind, perched on an imaginary elevation, is the church and a part of the convent, accurately depicted, as it then appeared. The nine monks in the foreground are doubtless portraits of inmates of the convent. The



THE MAIN PORTAL.

good deal of work had been done, made "a new model," and the whole thing seems to have been begun afresh about 1492, when the lower storey was built with the four elaborately decorated windows which Omodeo sculptured. In 1497 the church was consecrated, and we know how the façade then looked because one of the bas-reliefs depicts it, and it is represented in more perfect detail in the background

main portal was the next member added in the first years of the sixteenth century, but Omodeo had nothing to do with that, for he went away in 1499. He was succeeded by a group of artists more radically Renaissance in feeling, with Benedetto Brioschi at their head. A wonderful piece of work they made of this portal, for it is adorned to right and left of a person entering, and overhead and all about with



DETAILS OF WINDOWS RIGHT OF MAIN PORTAL.

sculpture, such as in ivory might adorn a jewel casket. Our illustrations present some of the details. The remainder of the façade—the row of little windows, a Lombard reminiscence, and everything above—was designed and executed by the same group. Notwithstanding the notable change of style the whole is harmonious and produces an extraordinarily rich effect. We need not linger over details.

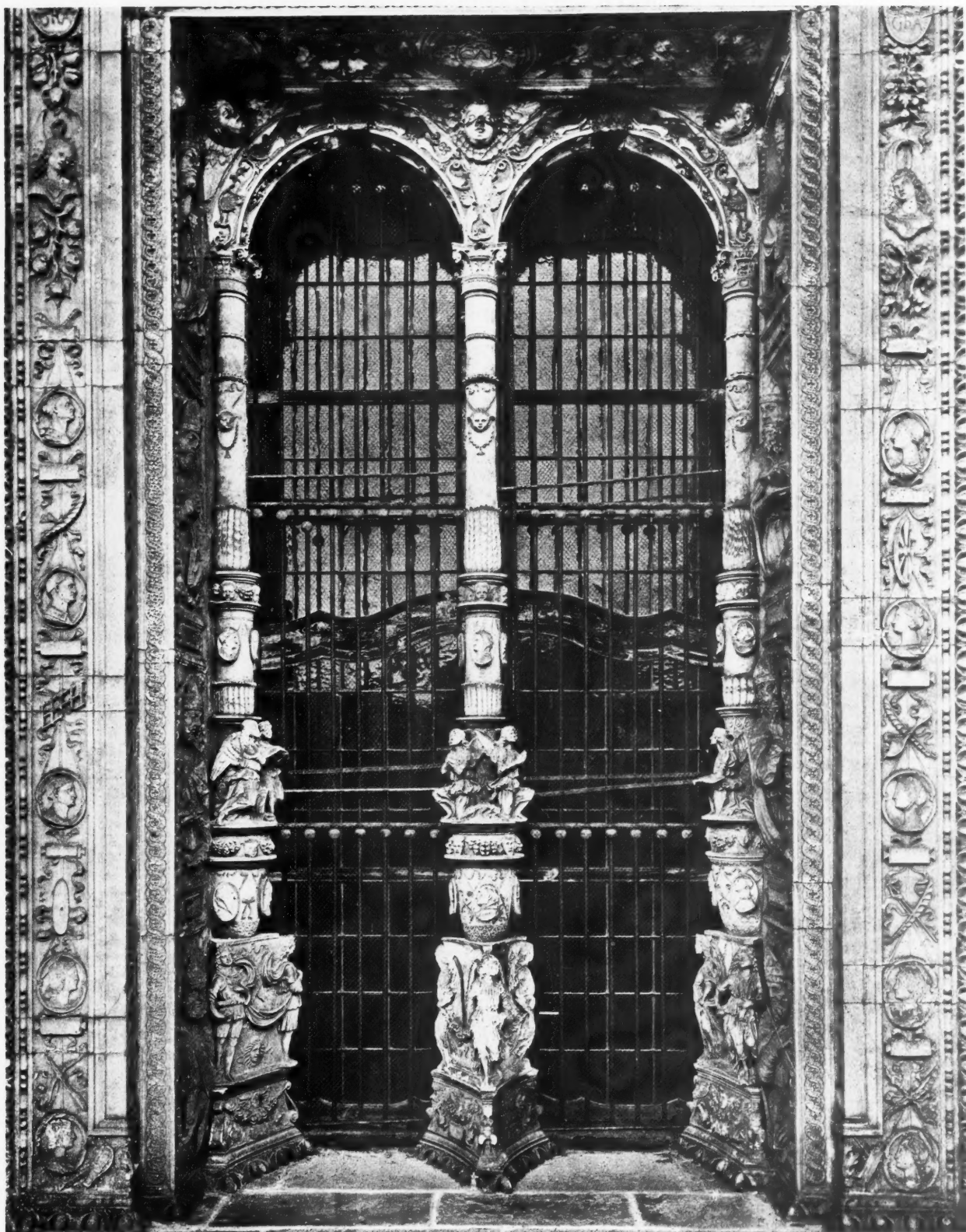
The general impression produced on a visitor by the interior of a great church can seldom be conveyed by photographs. Some special view may be reproducible, but the actual size of the enclosed space is a chief factor, and only by moving about within can the size be realised. Motion, in fact, is essential to the full enjoyment of a fine

architectural interior. It is not so without. A great building can be appreciated, or ought to be able to be appreciated, from any point of view. Some positions will display it better than others. We habitually stand still to look at a cathedral from the close, while we as habitually walk about to enjoy it within. Hence the power of photography to convey the effect of the exteriors of great buildings, as also of particular parts such as portals, windows, sculptured details of all sorts which one stands still to examine.

The most striking views of the Certosa are from the little cloister (of which we give two examples) and from the west and the east. The last mentioned aspect shows the numerous semicircular apses; one of them also



A CHAPEL SCREEN.



A WINDOW OF THE FACADE.

appears in the cloister view. These were an addition to the original design. Three of them break out as three lobes at the extremity of the choir and of each arm of the transept. They are exceptions to the Carthusian rule, which was to end off their churches square to the east, as English choirs usually terminate.

The little cloister view manifests an excellent architectural composition, which, for all its small Lombard galleries, piles finely up to the not wholly admirable central tower covering a dome over the crossing. It is a tower of characteristically local type, with a long tradition behind it. The most charming part is the little cloister itself, with its columns so slender as hardly to seem strong enough to carry the vaulted roof. Externally they are richly decorated with moulded terra-

cotta, beautifully delicate and refined in detail, yet from a distance broadly decorative. The row of heads which, near at hand, reward individual attention, become a line of knobs that catch the light with pleasing variety, and all the other parts similarly conduce equally well to either a near or a distant effect. This is rare in the case of Renaissance sculptured decoration, though common in Gothic. The great cloister itself is also admirable, but affords no such view of the church.

The reader who would know more details can find them in the usual books of reference. Our purpose is fulfilled if we have left on him the impression that the Certosa of Pavia sums up and incorporates all that is best in the ideals and artistic traditions of Lombardy in the days of the Visconti and the Sforzas.

THE FOUNDATION OF ROME

[As the most eloquent commentary we could think of to the remarkable photograph of excavation at Rome, which will be found below, we print a few verses from Carducci's Alcaic ode "Nell' Annuale della Fondazione di Roma," as translated by Mr. Bickersteth in his "Carducci." (Longmans, Green and Co.)]

Thee April's flowers beheld when first
From Romulus's furrow burst
Thy battlements and frowned
On the wild plains around :

Thee, worn by centuries of time,
The April sun still greets, sublime
And great, our age-long home,
Flower of Italy, Rome.

Tho' down the Sacred Way the four
White steeds in triumph pass no more,
Tho' no High Priest climb now
The Capitol's steep brow

With silent Vestal, yet, more grand,
Thy Forum's lonely ruins stand ;
Strength, Order, Peace 'mong men
Are Roman now as then.

Hail, Rome divine ! That man who knows
Thee not cold mists of night enclose ;
In his base heart a crop
Of barbarous weeds springs up.

Hail, Rome divine ! With bowed, sad face
Thy Forum's stones I love to trace,
Kissing each broken sign
Of thee, our Mother divine.

*Te redimito di fior purpurei
april te vide su 'l colle emergere
da 'l solco di Romolo torva
riguardante su i selvaggi piani :*

*te dopo tanta forza di secoli
aprile irraggia, sublime, massima,
e il sole e l' Italia saluta
te, Flora di nostra gente, o Roma.*

*Se al Campidoglio non più la vergine
tacita sale dietro il pontefice
né più per Via Sacra il trionfo
piega i quattro candidi cavalli,*

*questa del Fòro tuo solitudine
ogni rumore vince, ogni gloria,
e tutto che al mondo è civile,
grande, augusto, egli è romano ancora.*

*Salve, dea Roma ! Chi disconosceti
cerchiato ha il senno di fredda tenebra,
e a lui nel reo cuore germoglia
torpida la selva di barbarie.*

*Salve, dea Roma ! Chinato a i ruderi
del Fòro, io seguo con dolci lacrime
e adoro i tuoi sparsi vestigi,
patria, diva, santa genitrice.*





THE ROYAL CHILDREN OF ITALY.

ITALIAN LITERARY NOTES

THE young energies of Italy, from a literary point of view, for about ten years before the war centred round a group of young students, critics and thinkers in Florence. The "Gruppo della Voce," as it was called, followed upon, and was, indeed, a development of, that coterie which produced a literary and philosophical review, "La Leonardo." The moving spirits in it were Giovanni Papini, Giuseppe Prezzolini, Ardengo Soffici, Pietro Jahier, Giovanni Bouie, Renato Serra, and many others who gradually joined it and enlarged it, until it became a centre for the propagation of new ideas in literature, art and music. To this group is due the revival of interest in foreign literature which swept over Italy, and has often impressed the casual visitor in that country. The dominating characteristic of these writers is a consciousness, as Serra has said, which is "awake, ready, mobile, new." To each of these art (literature) signifies, in different degrees, freedom—liberation from tradition, from the past, a finding of themselves; and, coupled with this, a great and disinterested thirst for knowledge, embracing old and modern writers, thinkers, philosophers, foreign as well as Italian. Each individual traced the continuity between himself and the past, and felt that he was inextricably bound to his soil and to his race. Tradition became no longer a mere dead weight, but a life-giving source of new energy. A new lyrical sense was born, a renewed critical consciousness, a more truly Italian spirit.

A very comprehensive and accurate idea of these different forces, which have moulded the literature of to-day, is given by the late Renato Serra in his volumes "Le Lettere" (Rome, Bontempelli, 1914), and "Saggi Critici" (Ed. della Voce, Florence). This literary movement has played a not inconsiderable part in the spiritual development of Italy, and, through it—in an indirect manner—in the spiritual preparation of the people for this war. When the war is over, those who remain, as, too, those who come after, will inevitably follow on the lines of these who are, in a sense, the forerunners. Whatever their errors, they have laid down a lasting principle in literature, namely, that literature is not rhetoric, nor emotion, nor sensation, but "a spiritual conquest, a form of intimate consciousness and a necessity."

One of the best instances of the renewed literary activities which are in large measure due to the growth of this new spirit is certainly the great increase of publishers in Italy. A few years ago, apart from such well known firms as those of Treves and Souzogne, there were scarcely any other publishers. Now in all parts of Italy publishers have arisen who bring out admirable series of texts of the Italian classics for school or home use, edited by well known and reliable scholars. Such, for instance, are the very fine series of the "Scrittori d'Italia," published by Giuseppe Laterza at Bari, and those of Sansoni at Florence. Thanks largely to the efforts of the "Gruppo della Voce"—which has itself edited a very interesting series of translations and original works of the more advanced writers called the "Quaderni della Voce"—G. Carabba at Lanciano, the Studio Editoriale Lombardo publish some excellent translations from the

classics of all countries, ancient as well as modern. Another important firm, which has recently come very much into notice, is Formiggini at Genoa, who has, among other series, an excellent one of monographs on men of letters and artists of all countries. The large art publishers, too, are increasing in Italy and produce books second to none in interest and in quality. Besides these there are numerous others, such as the Studio Editoriale Italiano, Societa Editoriale Milanese, Zanichelli; Reme Sandron, and Bocca at Turin, which publish classics, literary criticism, and translations.

Carlo Michelstaedtr, though by name a German, and partly Jewish, was a native of the now redeemed town of Gorizia, and was in thought and in every way essentially and completely Italian. He was a student of letters at the University of Florence, and committed suicide at Gorizia in 1910 when in his twenty-third year. He was a good mountain climber, keen sailor, and a healthy and handsome youth. His suicide was not committed either out of despair or out of cowardly fear of what life might have in store for him. "His action seemed to him to be the necessary development of his thought, the highest affirmation of his life. His suicide was purely ethical and metaphysical." His works have been collected in two volumes, published at Genoa under the title, "Scritti di Carlo Michelstaedtr, Genova, 1912-1913." The poem which is quoted below gives not only an adequate idea of his philosophy of life, but voices some of the deepest thoughts of his age and of his countrymen. On this account, and because he is unknown to almost everyone in this country, the admirable translation of this poem, written two months before his death, by Raffaello Piccoli, D.Litt., Lecturer in Italian at the University of Cambridge, has been reprinted, with his permission, from the *Monist*.

TO PAULA.

Even as swallows year by year return
Back to the nests that held them featherless,
So man goes back in the course of his days,
Time after time to the thoughts of his cradle.
And as every year he keeps that day,
That to hunger and thirst, to sorrow and grief,
That to this mortal life did him awaken,
Every year he persuades himself again
To love his life.

And the parents who in the newly-born,
In the fragile and helpless little being,
Saw the fruit of their hopes;
And holding out to him with timorous love
All that life gives to him who asks to live,
Made of his tears a veil for their own eyes;
Trusting that clothes and food
Could make him live his life;
Year after year revive their ancient hope,
Their ancient grief,
And with a veil still cover their tired eyes,
Offering thanks to him for being born,

That he may thank them for his life, and that
The dumb grief be forgotten, and the vain
Promise be ever present.
But may the wish, that, what he never had,
Even for an instant,
Should come to him through long luminous years,
Lend the light that it borrows from the future
To the day of his birth, and multiplying
Illusions, may it persuade him
That his hunger is good, and life sufficient
Is this our daily death.
May gifts and kisses and the table spread,
Sweet words in plenty, plenty of sweet things,
Blithe promises and glances full of trust,
Make the familiar room joyous and bright,
And shield it from the terrors of the night.

Paula, I cannot say sweet words to thee,
And things that might be dear I do not know,
Because dumb grief has spoken unto me,
And told me that which every heart suffers
Unknowingly, unconfessed to itself.
Beyond the window-panes of the bright room,
Which the accustomed images reflect,
The darkness I can see, still threatening,
And stay and rest I cannot in the desert.
O, let me go, Paula, through the night,
There to create my own light by myself,
Let me go through the desert, to the sea,
That I may bring thee back the gift of light.
. . . more than thou thinkest, thou art dear to me.

Scipio Slataper, who was born on the Carso, is at once the poet of Trieste and the hero of the Carso, where he was killed on December 3rd, 1915, fighting for the "greater destinies" of Italy. His "Mio Carso" is a spiritual autobiography in which the life, character, aspects of Trieste and the Carso, and its inhabitants, are drawn with a masterly skill. It stands out as the most interesting and touching psychological, as well as historical, document of one of the most tragic periods (1866-1915) in the history of Trieste and, indeed, of the other unredeemed provinces in the Adriatic.

THE CARSO.*

Kindly yet hard you are Carso! You can never find rest; naked you lie beneath the ice or under the August sun; my Carso, rugged, breathlessly yearning towards a range of mountains, as if striving after some end; but the mountains break into fragments, the valley closes in, the torrent disappears into the ground.

Every drain of water buries itself in your deep fissures; the dried-up lichen turns grey on the bleached rock, the eyes waver before the hell-like glare of August. Never a respite.

Kindly yet hard is my Carso. Each wisp of grass sundered the rock before appearing, each flower he bears has drunk of the drought before opening. That is why his milk is health-giving and his honey scented.

He has no pulp, no moisture. Yet each autumn another leaf rots in his crevices, and his scanty, ruddy earth has still the taste of stone and of iron. He is new and eternal. And ever and again a still dolina (pool) opens within him, and he rests like an infant among the red peach trees and the waving forest of Indian corn clusters.

Lying on your bosom I can hear the water of your abysses flowing away into the distance, a pure current of cool water which bears your healthy youth to the sea and to the city.

I love the life-giving water of your grottoes which is carried channelled through the straight streets. I love these women of the Carso who hold the ends of their knotted kerchiefs in their mouths, to protect them against the "Cora," and come down in groups to the city, bearing on their heads the large nichelled jar full of warm milk. And the white streak of Dawn and the sad sunrise burning amidst the murk of the city.

Among the losses which Italy has sustained intellectually in this war one stands out above all others—that of Renato Serra, who was killed in the early part of the war on the Carso at thirty-one years of age. He was one of the best writers of literary criticism among the young Italians of to-day. His last book, published shortly before his death—"L'Esame di Coscienza di un Litterato" (Treves, 1915)—which is a kind of intellectual testament, a pitiless self-analysis of his beliefs and opinions, is of special interest in relation to the war; moreover, it is a wider and fuller expression of his personality and his literary ability. The war threw him into doubt and perplexity; it obliged him to weigh again the old values, until, by a process of simplification, he reached down to the bedrock of life—true freedom in the accomplishment of his duty, and the joy of comradeship.

To go forward together. One after the other, along paths in the mountains, scented with mint and broom; we defile like ants along a wall, till at last we look cautiously over the edge of the crest in the silence of the morning. Oh! the evening along the wide, soft roads, for the sound of feet is dull and uncountable in the darkness; above, the thread of a greenish moon, high up among the small, white virgin stars of April; and when one stops, one feels on one's neck the

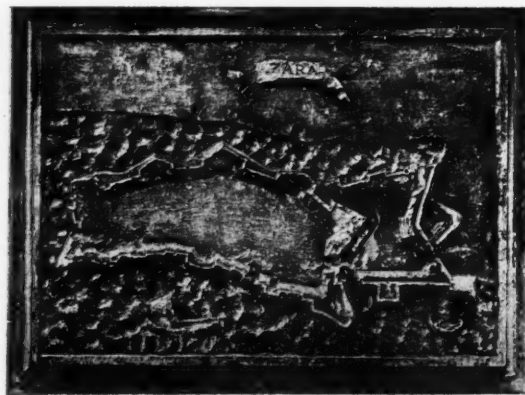
* From "Il mio Carso," by Scipio Slataper. (Florence: Quaderni della Voce, 1912.)

warm breath of the column closing in behind. Oh! the nights, when sleep is buried in the depth of the black frozen sky; and then, in one's sleep the darkling plaint of dawn, imperceptible almost as the cracking of a glass; and up, for the day is already pale. To march thus, and to stop, to rest and to rise, to labour and to be silent, together; file upon file of men, treading the same earth; dear, hard, solid, eternal, earth: firm under our feet, good for our bodies. And all the rest one does not speak of, because one has to be there to feel it; in such a way that words become useless. . . .

The war has awakened in Italy a very considerable religious spirit and feeling. The Italian peasant has in him a strongly pronounced religious strain; the character of the country in which he is fighting and the constant contact with danger have intensified this feeling. Among the very few books which have been inspired, directly or indirectly, by the war, the "Lettere dal Fronte" of Giosni Borsi (Torino: Libreria Editrice Internazionale) stands out in its simplicity and unaffectedness. These letters which Borsi, a young Florentine lawyer, wrote to his mother and friends will remain as one of the most intimate and personal records of the war. The spirit which the last letter to his mother—of which I quote a few passages below—reveals is typical of many another of the splendid youths who have given their lives for the great cause:

21 October, 1915.

. . . I am quiet, perfectly calm and firmly decided to do all my duty, up to the end, as a strong and good soldier, unshakably certain of our victory. I am not equally certain of being able to witness it alive, but this uncertainty, thank God, does not disturb me in the least, and is not sufficient to move me. I am joyful to be able to offer my life to our country, I am proud to spend it so well, and I do not know how to thank Providence for the honour given to



Sai Salmi per i nostri morti:

47 Mie tutte le città del mio linguaggio, tutte le rive delle mie vestigia. Mando segni e potente in mezzo ad esse.

48 Ma in Zara è la forza del mio cuore; su la Porta Marina sta la mia fede, ed in Santa Anastasia orò il mio voto. Guida, o Porta! Ruggi, o Città, coi tuoi leoni! A te darò la stella mattutina.

49 A te verrò, e di sotto alla tavola del tuo altare farò i tuoi stendardi. Li spiegherò nel vento di levante. O mare, non mi rendere i miei morti, né le mie navi. Rendimi la gloria."

42 novembre 1915 *Gabriele d'Annunzio*

The Plan of Zara, one of the most important Venetian towns of the Adriatic littoral, is sculptured on the facade of the Church of Santa Maria Formosa in Venice. D'Annunzio's lines allude to that still unredeemed city.

me, in offering me the chance of doing so in this shining sunlit autumn day, in this beautiful valley of our Venezia Giulia, while I am still in the flower of my youth, in the fulness of my powers and of my mind, fighting in this holy war for liberty and for justice. All is therefore propitious, all is auspicious for a happy and beautiful death. I could not better crown my life. . . . I am not to be wept over but envied. . . . Here separated from the world, with the image of death always before me, I have felt how firm are the ties with the world, how much mankind has need of mutual love, trust, discipline, concord, and unity; what necessary and sacred things are one's country, one's hearth, the family; how guilty is the person who denies, betrays or oppresses them. Love and freedom for all, that is the ideal worth offering one's life for. May God render our sacrifice fruitful, may He forgive them and give them peace; then, mother, we shall not have died in vain."

War literature in Italy is not, perhaps, as abundant as it is in France and in England. It is, however, chiefly confined to the war. Among the publications of a more popular type are the "Quaderni della Guerra," published by Treves at Milan,

which contain some very excellent material and form a thorough library of all the political, economic and international questions relating to the war. Of greater interest is the series of the "Pagini dell' Ora," which contain a volume by the late Deputy for Trent, Giovanni Battisti, on the Alpini, which gives a very vivid picture of the warfare on the Alps and of the spirit of the Italian soldier; one by Giovanni Ruffini, Professor of History at Turin, on "L'Inseguimenti di Cavour"; and another by the editor of the *Secolo*, Dr. M. Borsa, on England. The latter throws a lot of very valuable light upon the present situation in Europe. It is indeed strange to find how many of his remarks which seemed then unintelligible have been proved in the light of recent events. If we except, however, these books and those made up of articles which appeared in newspapers, the actual war literature of Italy is reduced to practically nothing of importance if we exclude the "Leda Senza Cigno," and "Perla Più Grande Italia," by G. d'Annunzio, both of which do not really belong to this category.

In France, Jacques Bainville, Jules Déstrée and Charriant, and in England, Sidney Low, Lord Northcliffe, H. G. Wells and Dr. Dillon, have written very interestingly on the Italian effort and on the diplomatic history of Italy's intervention. Of the books mentioned, however, the best French one is that of Bainville, which has been translated into English. The point of

view he takes is, of course, largely coloured by his political outlook; none the less, the part relating to the passage from the Triple Alliance to the Triple Entente and to the period of Italy's neutrality is clearly and sympathetically written.

Sidney Low's, H. G. Wells' and Lord Northcliffe's impressions of the front can all help to give some faint idea of what the conditions of warfare in the Alps are like. Mr. Wells' is very superficial, and not always as correct. One thing he has made clear—the development of modern Italy. Apart, indeed, from the descriptions of the fighting, this seems to be the dominant impression of Italy a whole gained by British journalists. It is a pity, indeed, that this point is not more insisted upon. The Italian of to-day, northerner as well as southerner, is a very practical business man. British capitalists should realise that there is an endless and very paying field of investment in Italy, in agricultural as well as industrial directions. This is the first step towards turning the sympathies which Italians have for the British into a practical proposition of very considerable value, both economically and politically, to both countries. All Italians should be grateful to Mr. Low for having so clearly and so briefly explained the reasons which brought them into the war, and for having given such a vivid picture, not only of warfare on the Italian front, but also of the character and temperament of the Italian soldier.



This striking recent portrait of Signor Gabriele d'Annunzio, which has been presented to a friend of ours by the poet himself, is due to the well known American artist Romaine Brooks.

WHO IS THE LADY OF OUR COVER?

WHILE Rome, Venice and Florence, not to mention the hundred minor shrines of Italian art, are ever attracting the keen interest of tourists from every part of the world—and English more especially—there seems to exist a rather queer general dislike for Milan, the capital town of Lombardy, the "capitale morale" of Italy, whose history, both mediæval and modern, is certainly not overshadowed by any other famous towns throughout the centuries adorned by the genius of the Italians. I do not know if there is not, perhaps, in that peculiar attitude of tourists towards Milan some vague elements of an "aesthetic pose" and an instinctive abhorrence of some travellers for everything connected with the necessities of modern life and modern industries.

Milan is an eminently modern and extraordinarily wealthy town, and its modernity, perchance, might sometimes appear offensive to the pedantic soul of some admirer of the ancient beauty. We should like, however, to advise that horrified soul not to judge Milan—as well as the whole of modern Italy, if we may say—from the exterior appearances. The great secret beauty of the Lombard metropolis is not easy to be discovered; and the impatient traveller, alighted from the train, instead of hastily looking for the sugary architecture of the Gothic Duomo—which, by the way, has so many unsuspected details of real beauty in itself—and for the pleasant "modernity" of the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, ought to discard the crowded thoroughfares and *piazze* of the industrial town and find out for himself the amazing number of fine galleries, churches and palaces which make of Milan one of the wealthiest and most interesting places in artistic Italy.

How many English tourists, I wonder, have ever visited, among the others, the exceptionally fine Casa dei Borromei, or the Ambrosiana Gallery, which is situated in Piazza della Rosa? The gallery, which was founded by the celebrated Cardinal

Borromeo (1564–1631) at the beginning of the sixteenth century, contains a remarkably fine collection of pictures and drawings. Besides the interesting series of landscapes painted by Brueghel for Cardinal Borromeo, there are excellent works by Botticelli, Bramantino, Borgognone, Bartolomeo Veneto, Titian, Luini and many others.

The famous "Musicista," by Leonardo, and the wonderful cartoon of Raphael's "Scuola d'Atene" are among the finest gems of the gallery, besides the very abundant and fine collection of Leonardo's drawings. The picture, however, which attracts the unbounded admiration of the connoisseur is the exquisite portrait of a young lady, the same which is so finely reproduced on the cover of this number of COUNTRY LIFE. The portrait for many generations has been attributed to Leonardo da Vinci himself. Its technique is so masterly and refined that it seemed impossible to attribute this superb work of art to anybody but to the greatest of all the "masters of technique." This is not evidently the case, and the most recent critics assign the portrait to Ambrogio de Predis, one of the chief painters of the Lombard School. The portrait was also for many years supposed to represent Beatrice d'Este. More accurate studies and comparisons, however, with the real portraits of the beautiful Ferrarese Duchessa seem absolutely to exclude this attribution.

Who, then, is the lady of the portrait? She appears to us in her magnificent bridal dress. Her eyes are filled with the expression of a calm expectation. Who is she? The unknown goddess of the place, the *genius loci*? Evidently, "La Sposa" (the bride) is the representative of all the beauty which is modestly and discreetly hidden to the profane eyes in the middle of the whirling modern life of one of the liveliest and richest cities of Italy.

A. C.

[We are indebted to the Medici Society for permission to reproduce the cover from their excellent copy of this famous picture.]

CORRESPONDENCE

FRENCH STATE STUD FARMS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I thought perhaps the enclosed extract from a letter of a friend of mine—a staff officer who is on invalid leave at Pau—in reference to the French State Stud Farm at Pau, might possibly be of interest to you. Do you know anything of this particular establishment? I think my friend is a little wrong as to the fees required for English sires in these days.—Q. A. G.

"In our walk yesterday we found ourselves at the Government Stud Farm where they keep 170 stallions, mostly English and Arab. I have never seen such splendid tables and all were so clean and well cared for, the horses looking splendid, too. The fees they charge are absurdly small, 100 to 8 francs! In England, for the use of a grandson of Bend Or you would very likely pay £100 to £300! The Government manages the farm and has first call on the colts for Army service. The result of it being here is that everywhere one sees horses with traces of good blood in them. I wish we had the same system in England, and they would be splendid places for the employment of old soldiers."

[The Government Stud Farm, or haras, to which our correspondent alludes in his very interesting letter, is one of the best in France and is situated in a district well adapted by its climate and the inclination of its inhabitants for the breeding of horses. Similar establishments in other parts of France are so placed that when the stallions are sent out to the various depôts in the breeding season all breeders can, without difficulty, avail themselves of the services of a stallion—thoroughbred, Barb, Arab or draught horse as he may desire—specially selected by Government officials, guaranteed to be free from hereditary unsoundness and, as our correspondent points out, at very moderate fees. The system as carried out—at great expense and for many years—in France is excellent and has been of great benefit to the general horse-breeding industry of the country, the improvement in the quality of the French remount horses being especially noticeable. Whether the establishment of a number of State-owned stud farms in this country be advisable is a debatable point. A beginning has, at all events, been made with the National Stud presented to the country by Colonel W. Hall Walker—a princely gift, the development of which will be watched with great interest. It may be noted in connection with our correspondent's remarks in regard to the fees paid for the use of the State-owned stallions in France: "In England for the use of a grandson of Bend Or you would very likely pay £100 to £300"; that although pedigree is of the greatest importance, it is not everything. In addition to pedigree, the make, shape and performances of a stallion have to be taken into consideration. A son or grandson of, say, Bend Or may be of no value at all as a sire. As a matter of fact, many stallions of the very best breeding are available to breeders in this country at extremely moderate fees.—ED.]

AEROPLANES AND ROOKS IN NO MAN'S LAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may interest your many readers who are interested in bird life to know that the other day, when flying over No Man's Land at the height of 5,000ft., I saw four rooks flying together level with me. They did not seem at all disconcerted by the presence or noise of my machine. I certainly, previous to this, had no idea that birds flew at such altitudes from the ground, but I have discovered that other pilots have also seen rooks in this locality at 4,000ft.—D. H. BELL (Fl.-Lieutenant).

THE FASCINATING ROOK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wonder if the author of "The Fascinating Rooks," in your issue of March 3rd, had ever noted a further act of endearment on the part of the male bird towards his mate? I have seen him sitting on a branch close to the nest rubbing his beak along hers, while she accepts his devotion crouching down and fluttering her wings in the same way as when she is being fed by him. Your contributor relates that rooks only permit jackdaws to nest near them. I have heard it stated on good authority that occasionally a pair of crows will take up their residence in a rookery, and that when the young birds arrive will actually take toll of them. Eventually, and quite rightly, too, they are hounded out by the community at large. Rooks are great fighters, and it is common to see the ground at the foot of the trees littered with dead rooks during the breeding season. I have examined such dead rooks, but it is often not easy to account for their death as they show no obvious marks of injury. To deny the rook the faculty of song has been the custom since at least the time of Æsop. I recall how, on February 16th, some nine or ten years ago, on a bright, balmy day, while passing under a tree I heard a strange gurgling, for all the world like a very aged starling suffering from a sore throat. On looking up, to my astonishment I saw a rook with his head up, quivering and fluttering his wings just like a starling, and singing away for all he was worth. I both watched and listened to him for some minutes and was quite convinced of the accuracy of my observation. Relating the incident on the following day to a friend—a great "bird man"—I was laughed to scorn, but, curiously enough, confirmation was forthcoming of the rook's faculty for song in a note written by the nature correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*—I think it was—published a day or two later. The rook, like his cousins, has developed his conversational powers at the expense of his singing voice. The common or garden house sparrow is in the same boat, and it is only quite rarely that one hears him, sitting on a rain-pipe, trilling away with really quite a pretty subdued little song. The "singing" of frogs is well known, but how many have heard a frog scream? I well remember one day how my attention was rivetted by a shrill, piercing scream proceeding from the side of a hedge. Dashing up I found a frog, held fast by the hind leg by a field vole, swaying backwards and forwards uttering pitiful calls for help. So keen was the vole on making sure of his captive that I had actually to beat him off before he would let go. While, with your permission, on the subject of frogs, I would like to relate what I have recently seen out here. It was just after the thaw, and the dykes and runnels, which abound in this land of swamps, had started to flow once more. Looking down into a roadside ditch I was surprised to see frogs literally by the score lying dead and swollen on the mud at the bottom. How to explain it I do not know. Possibly they had been caught, benumbed in the grip of the slow but relentless ice and frozen to death.—E. EMRYS-ROBERTS, B.E.F., France.

PRIZES FOR ALLOTMENT HOLDERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As in most villages the annual flower shows have been abandoned during the war, may I suggest that the subscribers to these shows be asked to offer prizes to cottagers and allotment holders? More importance should be attached to cropping and cultivation than to the size of produce. The village committees should lose no time in taking the matter in hand.—HEDGERLEY.

THE OBSOLETE GRAND JURY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I do not often turn with hope to House of Lords reports for interesting reading, but I viewed with lively satisfaction a short headline which I saw the other day. It referred to "Suspension of Grand Juries." I have been called to serve on the grand jury more than once, and can affirm that this obsolete farce, while calculated to provide the individual with a maximum of inconvenience and discomfort, does a minimum of service to the public or the State. On my initiation I was summoned to leave home at an unearthly hour on a bitter winter morning, and to travel to the distant county town by a slow train. I thought my lot bad enough, but it was rivalled by the sufferings of a fellow-creature who foregathered with me in the draughty yet ill-ventilated jury-box. He was no little of an invalid, had been compelled to travel from a distant corner of the county overnight, had dined extremely badly and slept worse. And all for what? To hear, after an hour's waiting, that he was not of the number chosen, and his labour had thus been in vain. But what of us who were sworn in? What useful value had our work? Well, we were ushered into a chamber of some dignity, ranged round a table, and instructed in our duties by a person who I gathered was a lawyer's clerk. Throughout the four long hours that we spent there this delightful individual came and went at will. He grumbled when we had not got a batch of cases ready, telling us that we should "keep the court all day"; he scolded us like schoolboys if he chanced to hear us ask a question of a witness saving through our chairman's mouth. I much resented his most execrable manners, but I did not wonder that he held us cheap. I do not suppose that one of us knew anything of evidence or points of law; the questions put to witnesses ranged over nearly every topic under Heaven. We returned "true bill" or "no true bill" by majority of votes. The general opinion in most cases was to "let the jury hear what they have got to say." We let one man off in a case about a poultry bargain, not, so far as I can recall, for any special reason, but to show that we were not nonentities, and that we had the power so to act. (I know that later on the chairman on the bench stared at us fixedly for several seconds when he heard what we had done.) Another man escaped because my neighbour at the table took a strong dislike to the appearance of a young witness in the case. "I don't like that girl's looks," he told me, in a husky whisper; "I shall say 'no bill.'" And so he did, and several others seemingly concluding that "no bill" would prove a pleasant change, joined in, with—for the prisoner—a most satisfactory result. The impression left upon my mind was that grand juries at a court of quarter sessions know their presence to be little better than a farce, and "act accordin'"; and, moreover, they are irritated at being there at all. If this feeling is general, then it seems that a grand jury is a danger rather than a safeguard to the State. A safeguard it may well have been in former days, but I can see no proof that it continues so. A reason sometimes urged for its continuance is that it may save the innocent from the humiliation of appearing in an open court. My personal choice would be to be acquitted of a charge in open court rather than in the secrecy of the grand jury room.—ARTHUR O. COOKE.

SETTLING A BET.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As the result of an argument as to the exact whereabouts of the little village and the name of it and the bridge illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE, February 10th, 1917, we have decided to ask you for the name of it. I myself think it is Somerset Bridge on the Upper Wey, near Godalming, and reached by taking the first turning to the right on leaving Godalming on the Portsmouth Road. I trust that you will be good enough to reply and so settle a little bet on the subject.—H. E. SALSBUURY.

["The photograph referred to appears as the heading to this week's Country Notes, and is of Eashing Bridge; it is taken from a point on the bank less than rooyd. down stream. It is the mill that shows above the middle of the bridge, with a flattish slate roof. It is about two miles as the crow flies west of Godalming and one and a-half miles from the Portsmouth Road, where the Eashing Lane leaves the Portsmouth Road west of Godalming just after passing under the railway bridge. Somerset Bridge is the next over the Wey to the west, about a mile (east a little north) of the village of Elstead and a little way west of Peperharow Park (Lord Middleton's). There is another bridge of the same class at Elstead on the road to Farnham, and two at Tilford further west again, all on the Wey. I have photographed all these bridges." The photograph was taken by Miss Jekyll, who sent this reply.—ED.]



DERISION.

DAFFODILS IN THE NAVY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am enclosing a photograph of a pot of daffodils which I grew on board this ship (H.M.S. *Agincourt*) during the winter. There were several more blossoms than are shown, but never in full bloom together. Distilled water only was used to water them, but this does not appear to have had any bad effect. Should you consider it of sufficient interest I shall be delighted if you will make use of it.—A. L. C.



GROWN ON BOARD SHIP IN WINTER.

BIRDS AND FROST.

THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The spell of severe weather took heavy toll of the birds, and the following instance of the temerity of a thrush, reduced to starvation, is of interest.

On February 9th our now solitary woodman noticed a thrush in some brambles, nearing its end. He took it up and laid it by his fire, and in moving part of a fence managed to find a few worms, which it ate readily from his hand as fast as he could turn them up. When somewhat recovered the bird perched on a bough above the man's head, where he pointed it out to a passer-by. The woodman went away some distance to his dinner, after which the thrush rejoined him, and on his going to work at the far end of the wood followed him there, too, and remained with him all day. What was more remarkable was that on the following day, a Saturday, directly the man arrived to work, the thrush reappeared, but by Monday morning the frost had broken and the bird vanished. During the frost my sister and I saw a woodcock in the twilight on Gerrard's Cross Common, only a short distance from the station.—M. STEVENSON.

THE EWE AND THE DACHSHUND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with interest the methods that have been tried to cure dogs of the villainous habit of chasing ewes and lambs, and I think the following incident, which I personally witnessed, may interest your readers. It is an instance of an irate ewe taking the matter in hand herself and effecting a lasting cure. The offender was a Dachshund, which had developed a truly Hunnish passion for this unholy kind of sport, and always created a fearful commotion whenever she came across any ewes or lambs. The stick was used frequently, but with little result. But one wet day, when the usual disturbance was in full swing and nearing its climax—and the stick, an infuriated old ewe literally "went for" her. Many of us probably remember the old-fashioned mangle of the days of our youth: a long wooden box full of stones, wound laboriously backwards and forwards over wooden rollers. No doubt the mangle which Mr. Mantellini worked with such heroism at one period of his chequered career was built on these lines. The principle of the mangle was adopted by the old ewe on this occasion. The ewe was the box of stones, and the Dachshund the roller, for which "rôle" she was particularly well suited by reason of her peculiar anatomy. The ewe came forward at a good pace and cleverly met the Dachshund exactly broadside on; then, tucking her forelegs under her, she brought her chest down heavily on to her victim and moved forward with her own momentum. There was a smothered yelp, and a moment later a very muddy dog emerged from beneath her hind legs, sadder and wiser, and maybe even a little longer. It was a complete and lasting cure.—A COUNTRYMAN.

THE JEALOUS DONKEY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph which may be suitable for COUNTRY LIFE. It is a snapshot taken last summer of my little girl in Herefordshire.—C. MATTHEWS.



AN ITALIAN SPINSTER.



PLAITING HAT STRAW.



THE LABOURER.

ITALIAN WORKING WOMEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending some photographs of Italian peasant women showing two very old industries and another which may be an outcome of the war. One of the women is spinning—a world-wide and age-old occupation; the second is an old Veronese dame plaiting straw for the soft pliable hats so common in Italy, and the third is acting as a builder's labourer—a form of war work which our women will not envy her.—J. SHAW.

THE RESUSCITATED CANAL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The Government have at length moved in a direction long overdue by taking the canals under their direct control, thus removing the stranglehold the railways have inevitably exercised for so long over this picturesque method of inland transport. The barge and barge women may thus in future be more familiar sights than they have been in the past. The accompanying photograph, which was taken on the Grand Junction Canal near Ruislip, shows a steam tug going full speed ahead, and a barge woman is steering one of the following string of monkey boats, carrying, I was informed, raw copper from lighters in the Thames to Birmingham.—W. McWILLIAM.

AN ABNORMAL EGG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following particulars of an egg recently laid by a light Sussex pullet (hatched in April), 1916) may be of interest to some of your readers: The length is 3½ in.; width, 1½ in.; dimensions, 9½ in. by 8½ in.; weight 6oz. This egg contained a single yolk, abundant white, and also a full-sized egg with a hard shell, which contained one yolk also. Is not this a very unusual occurrence?—G. E. J. CRALLAN.

[We sent this enquiry to Mr. F. G. Paynter, who replied as follows: "Yes; it is exceedingly rare and most interesting. I have not heard of an exactly similar case and cannot find any reference to similar cases in any books, but several years ago one of my own pullets laid an egg of about the same size, which also had an inside egg, but in my case this inside egg was only about half the size of an ordinary egg, and also contained a yolk. This pullet had previously laid several double-yolked eggs and died within a month or two of laying the abnormal egg from ovary troubles. It is estimated that one egg of about every 500 laid is double-yolked, and 80 per cent. of double-yolked eggs are laid by birds under eight months old, and it is very rare that a pullet after her first moult lays them. Some individual hens appear to have an inherent tendency to lay double-yolked eggs during their pullet year, but after their pullet year they grow out of it. Eggs have been known to be laid with three yolks, but these are very rare. I should say that, in your correspondent's case, the egg must have been delayed in the oviduct, and a second egg formed over it, and this pullet may not have been one which had an inherent tendency to lay double-yolked eggs. It would be of interest to know the subsequent history of this pullet, and whether, as in the case which came under my own observation, it later on developed fatal ovary troubles."—ED.]

SCRAPS FOR PIGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is true that salt is poisonous to pigs and "A Farmer" did well to draw attention to this in your issue of March 24th, page 288. A young pig on a neighbouring holding died suddenly last Christmas. Swine fever was suspected,

but the veterinary surgeon who made the *post-mortem* examination reported that the pig had been poisoned by some irritant, and suggested salt or soda. In this case the pig-wash was obtained from an industrial school, and subsequent enquiries revealed the fact that washing soda from a laundry had been emptied into the pig-wash. Now that so many people are keeping pigs for the first time it is advisable that these facts should be made known. By the way, it is an excellent plan to form pig insurance clubs in villages. Model rules can be obtained from the Board of Agriculture.—BERKSHIRE.

DIGGING THE FROST IN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Being a professional man possessing at this present juncture more leisure than income I took at Christmas time an allotment consisting of half a rood of grass land, with the double object of occupying my leisure and of growing food for the family table and, though my struggles with the spade afforded much amusement to a constant succession of expert critics who cheered me on from the railings, I succeeded in turning up the land with



FULL SPEED AHEAD FOR BIRMINGHAM.

satisfaction to myself, benefit to my health and a constantly increasing difficulty in restraining my appetite within ration limits. But though the advice I received from the aforesaid critics was diverse and generally conflicting, yet on one point they were unanimous, and that was on the absolute folly of "digging the frost in," that is, turning the sod over when frozen or covered with snow, the dire results from this act of folly being "starved" ground and no crops. Now I know nothing about gardening, but, frankly, I do not admit my folly. Frost to my mind is not a tangible something, but merely a condition of matter, and I cannot see why burying turf which is at that moment below freezing point should prejudice the future of the crop, for we all remember winters when the frost has penetrated, not ten or eleven inches but, as much as eighteen inches, and yet in due course the warmth of mother earth working upwards and of the sun working downwards has done its work and the crops of the following summer have been as abundant as ever. Can anyone tell me which is the fool, myself or my critics?—IGNOTUS.

[If frost occurred just before seeding time, it would be a mistake to dig during its continuance, but no harm whatever would result from digging ground in frosty weather during winter.—ED.]